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Cop Sucker

by Lambert Wilhelm

NEW BOOK

FOREWORD

It's been said that every person has some dark passion within his soul – some hidden secret, desire or whim that may never surface to be seen by even the closest confidante. Such a secret can be evil and sinister, or it may be trivial and trite.

In America, such dark passions are easily submerged and hidden by the complexities of everyday living. Yet, for those individuals living in a twilight zone the homophile world – their desires, and needs, and wants have been called perverse, abnormal and depraved by a society that wants to see them remain underground, beyond the public eye.

For Porter Conklin, that's exactly what he wants to keep his homosexual life hidden from his son, to be sexually free himself.

COP SUCKER – is the story of Porter Conklin's efforts to achieve a level of secrecy, efforts which ultimately lead him to a shocking revelation.

The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

The kid looked young enough to be Porter's son. A moment of thinking the young blonde was Mat, brought Porter around the block once more. Anyway, how Porter rationalized his return. On the second pass, Porter could well see that it wasn't Mat leaning against the side of the building there in the shadows. Oh, the age was about right, somewhere round fifteen, but the face wasn't right. The kid was attractive, but he looked tired. My God, why wouldn't he look tired out on the streets at this time of the night?

Knowing it wasn't Mat, what brought Porter back around the block yet again? Well, this time he told himself he was looking for someone else, one of the older hustlers. Of course, Porter had already told himself that the blond kid was probably the only one there. Obviously no one had told the young teenager that there'd been a raid here just the week before. The police had arrested six kids in one night. Porter knew. He'd been at the station the evening they'd brought the kids in. Porter had kept out of the limelight, though. None of the six had looked familiar, but that didn't mean one of them hadn't fucked around with Porter.

Porter was down cruising this block now because he knew there was no vice assigned here this evening. For a while, the police chief had decided to quit harassing the gays and move on to other more important matters. Actually, Chief Harris only scheduled roundups on the gay community about once a year. If he didn't, he'd end up getting static from one faction or another of the straight establishment who thought the queers were on the move against them.

Porter was not on duty. He was not in uniform. Even the motorcycle he was riding wasn't the type used by the police. He was here on his own. He was here looking. He'd come with the express hope that the raid hadn't squelched totally the business on the block.

There were other places Porter could have gone for some action. There were several bars Porter knew. Porter, though, didn't like bars. He didn't like hanging around and socializing, making conversation. He wasn't out to make friends with any queer. He was out to find a warm body to take care of his hard cock. If he went through all the bullshit required in a gay bar, then he might as well have gone out and gotten a girl friend. He didn't have time for a girl friend. He didn't have time for the mating dances required in a gay bar. Not that what he proposed to a queer was a mating. What he proposed was merely getting his rocks off.

Porter had never quite forgiven Patty for dying. Of course, it hadn't been her fault. Who would have expected a thirty-seven-year-old woman to drop over dead in her prime? The doctors said it was an aneurysm. It was just one of those things that could strike you at six or sixty. But, why Patty?

Porter had felt comparatively safe married to Patty. He could even bed her, fuck her, climax up her cunt. He could even make her pregnant. For a few years, he'd been just as normal as the guy next door. Oh, not quite that normal. He'd slipped off a couple of times for some sordid male-male sex in the shadows. But, those had been exceptions rather than the rule.

Patty, sweet Patty. She'd always complained because she was so thin, because she didn't have any boobs to speak of. In fact, it was the latter which had attracted Porter to her from the start. She'd looked just like a little boy. Sometimes, now, when Porter looked at Mat, he could see Patty, as she was when he first met her; although that was becoming less and less the truth as Mat continued way beyond puberty.

But Patty had been a real woman. She'd come complete with a cunt. She'd had a baby, Porter's baby. Porter had felt protected with Patty, un-plagued by quite the same strong emotions, which had tormented

him through high school and college. Porter especially didn't like thinking of college. When he thought of college, he thought of Lane Perry. So, why in the fuck had Patty died at thirty-seven? She should have been with him for a good thirty years longer, protecting Porter until the man was too old to go looking for male sex even if he'd still desired it.

Porter pulled the motorcycle over to the curb and stopped it. He checked the area for unmarked patrol cars. He'd read the rosters posted at the office, but you could never tell about last-minute changes. Despite his helmet with its visor, Porter knew anyone from the station would probably recognize him immediately.

Satisfied that the few cars cruising the block were doing so for other reasons than a police assignment roster, Porter turned his attention back to the young blond.

"Hey, kid, need a lift anywhere?" Porter asked, pulling up his visor for a better look.

The blond came out of the shadows. He didn't look anything at all like Mat. How could Porter have even imagined that he had? Maybe it was the hair. Maybe it was the age. God, what was Porter doing here? As if having sex with any guy wasn't bad enough, was Porter now out to be a child molester? Had he actually made overtures to this youngster?

"I don't know," the blond answered. He was in a T-shirt and faded jeans. Young or not, he showed quite a box. He noticed Porter noticing. "I'm really down here to make a little bread. I don't really think I should take the time off. It's been a little slow."

"Guess even the buyers have been scared off by the raid last week."

“Yeah,” the blond agreed, “I read about that. Still, when you need a little spending money, what’s a poor kid going to do?”

“How about doing me?” Porter asked, giving a wide smile. Bobby was tempted. Really he was. It was very seldom a stud like this pulled up on a motorcycle and suggested sex. As a matter of fact, Bobby didn’t remember anyone like this ever pulling up to him while he was working this block. It was a damned shame to let it go by now.

“And I’ll pay,” Porter added, wondering why in God’s name he was rambling on. Did he really want this kid? Did he want him so badly he was willing to pay for him? Was Porter that desperate? “I’ll give you a twenty.”

Bobby eyed Porter curiously. Somehow, Porter just didn’t seem like the type who would pay. Christ, why should he? When you looked like he did, you could have them drooling all over you in any bar you went to. Still, there were some guys, even good-looking ones, who didn’t like the bar scene. There were some guys, even studs like this one (or so Bobby had been told) who preferred paying for their sex. It just seemed kind of weird. Why pay for sex if you didn’t have to?

“You’re pulling my leg?” Bobby asked.

“Here,” Porter said. Balancing his bike between his muscular legs, he reached into his right front pocket and pulled out a handful of crumpled bills. He located a twenty and peeled it off for the kid.

Bobby still hesitated in taking it. Maybe this guy was really into something hairy. Maybe he was one of the kinky types. He looked clean cut enough, but looks could be deceiving.

“I’m not into anything too rough,” Bobby said. “God knows how long I’m going to have to peddle this body of mine, and I don’t need it messed up.”

“What if I promise not to leave you any scars?” Porter asked. He gave the kid another friendly smile. Porter had a good smile. It made his already handsome face even more good looking. It made his dimples concave in his cheeks. It gave his dark blue eyes a decided twinkle.

“I don’t kiss,” Bobby said. When Porter kept the twenty extended, Bobby reached out and took it. He pocketed the bill in his jeans.

“I don’t kiss, either,” Porter said. “So, why don’t you hop on and we’ll take a little ride?”

Bobby climbed up on the seat behind Porter. His crotch slid in tight against Porter’s ass. The kid’s cock was hard. He wrapped his arms around Porter’s middle. He felt the hardness of the man’s belly. Bobby’s cock thumped inside of his pants.

“You got an apartment?” Bobby asked.

“It’s too warm for fucking inside,” Porter said. He eased the cycle out into the thin stream of traffic. He headed the bike for Frazier Park.

Bobby couldn’t believe his stroke of good luck. Getting twenty bucks was a windfall in itself. Getting it to have sex with this good-looking stud of a man was a bonus that wasn’t to be believed.

Porter leaned the cycle into a right turn and then straightened it out. What with the youngster’s arms around his middle, the kid’s fat cock lodged against his butt, Porter was getting hornier than hell.

Damn Patty for dying! Porter took another turn. The traffic was almost nonexistent. He hit the bike trail that angled off from the apron on the right side of the road. The cycle easily took a small hill, actually clearing ground at the top. Bobby's heart jumped into his throat. It was dark out, and he could just imagine their topping the hill and hitting a tree.

Porter didn't hit a tree. He knew this park like the palm of his hand. He often rode his bike here, memorizing the trails so that he could get in while it was dark, do his thing, and then get out again. Doing it this way, he could easily have told if he was being followed.

Bobby was a little ill at ease. For one, it was unnerving bouncing along a dirt trail in the middle of the night. For two, Bobby didn't like the deserted area. There was no one around. There was no one to hear his scream if he did any screaming. This stud, if he was a creep, could kill him, and who'd be around to know? Bobby's mother wouldn't even bother looking for a couple of days. Bobby was so seldom home his mother wouldn't miss him any too quickly. Even when she did begin to suspect something was wrong, if she did, she wouldn't be too excited about calling the police. Bobby's mother had had too many bad experiences with the police to think of them as helpful.

Porter could feel the boy tensing behind him. He could well imagine what the youth must be thinking. Some older and bigger guys had gotten a bit paranoid when they'd seen where Porter was bringing them. The cycle penetrated further into the darkness. Bobby found himself completely disoriented. He initially began to get afraid. So, why wasn't his cock shriveling up to nothing? Why was the cock still as hard as all holy hell? When you got scared, you got soft. Right? That's the way Bobby had always heard it. So Bobby should either have been not scared or he should have been not hard. He figured he was both. Something was definitely out of kilter somewhere. Porter took the cycle up another small rise. Over the top, he veered

to the right and in among a small thicket of trees he brought the cycle to a stop and turned off the ignition.

“Scared?” Porter asked, turning his head over his right shoulder. He was just as aware of the hard cock in the boy’s pants as Bobby was.

“Should I be?” Bobby asked.

“No,” Porter told him.

“Then I’m not,” Bobby said. He unhooked his arms from around Porter’s waist and climbed off his ass and the inside of his thighs tinged still from the vibrations of the cycle engine. It was a pleasant, slightly itching sensation.

Porter put down the kickstand and got off the bike. He took off his helmet. Bobby had known he’d latched onto a winner. Now that Porter’s helmet was off, he was even more attractive than Bobby had imagined.

Porter had short blond hair. It wasn’t so short that it was a military cut. It wasn’t so long that it crawled down the back of his neck or over the lips of his ears. It looked sexily tousled, banged slightly over the man’s forehead.

Porter took off his coves, stashed them inside of the helmet. He hooked the helmet on the rack at the back of the seat. If Porter was better looking than Bobby had imagined, he was also bigger physically. Bobby was surprised at how big Porter was off the cycle. Not fat. Just big he had to be a good six-feet-two. And Bobby knew, having wrapped Porter’s middle, that there was very little excess weight on the man. Bobby felt suddenly very small, very weak. It was suddenly very apparent that the man would have very little trouble forcing Bobby into doing literally anything. Why did that make Bobby’s cock

go even harder? Porter looked at the kid. There was still time to turn back, wasn't there? All he had to do was put the kid back on the cycle and ride him back to the corner. Would he do that? Could he do that? Porter's palms were sweaty. His throat muscles were so tight it was difficult for him to swallow. His cock was hard.

"I assure you, I'm absolutely harmless," Porter said. What in the hell had a kid this age been doing out on the streets this late at night? Where in the hell was his mother, his father? What kind of parents were they to let their boy run loose, get picked up by every Tom, Dick, or Harry who had the price to pay? If they'd been the right kind of parents, the kid wouldn't be here now. Porter wouldn't be here now with a boy young enough to be his son.

"I believe you," Bobby said. Did he? No, not quite. How could he? What did he know about this guy? Nothing, except that he had an exceptional body and a handsome face. All of that was superficial. What went beyond the body, beyond the face? Bobby didn't know what was inside. Granted, the guy didn't look like a freak; but what did a freak look like? There was the stereotype goon, sure. But how many killers looked the part?

Whether Bobby believed Porter or not, it made very little difference to the excitement he was feeling. And yes, he was feeling excitement. There was no denying it. There was something dangerously thrilling about being here now, here in the dark, here with this blond butch type. There was something excruciatingly rousing about what this man was going to expect Bobby to do.

"Why don't you take off your clothes?" Porter suggested. He leaned his ass against the cycle and began unzipping his leather jacket.

Bobby sat down on the ground to take off his shoes. Looking upward for a moment, before beginning the chore, Bobby thought Porter

looked even more powerful, more masterful, more the sexy giant.

Porter took off his jacket. He dropped it over the seat of the cycle. He pulled the tail of his black turtleneck out of his trousers. He crossed his arms across his belly. He took hold of both his sweater and T-shirt, pulling upward, peeling the material up over his belly and chest.

Bobby had his shoes off. He was standing. The ground felt cool beneath his feet. His mouth was dry. He was fascinated by the expanse of flesh Porter had just bared for him.

Porter had an exceptional chest and belly. Each muscle seemed individually defined. The chest looked like a bronze breastplate. The pectorals were sleek domes, punctuated along their lower curves by quarter-size nipples. The crease between the pectorals was deep fanning open at the man's belly.

Porter's stomach was a mass of scalloped ridges, a checkerboard effect evident in relief upon the silky flesh.

There was a wisp of blond hair around each nipple. There were blond strands on the upper pectorals. There was more hair at the knotted navel. Bobby was a little cowed by what he saw. The man seemed suddenly almost too powerful, too big, and too strong. Bobby's body had nowhere near the development Porter had. It probably never would. Bobby still had the young boy's body. The flat chest. The concaved stomach.

"Having second thoughts?" Porter asked. He'd seen the boy looking at him but hadn't quite been able to read behind the look.

"You work out in a gym?" Bobby asked.

“Occasionally,” Porter admitted. As a matter of fact, he spent most of his extra time in the gym at the Y. He’d even gone there when he was married. There was something about a good workout that could get his mind off certain other things. Exhaust the body in the gym, and it couldn’t betray you. Porter should have gone to the gym tonight.

Bobby slipped off his T-shirt, baring the skin beneath. Compared to Porter’s sculptured physique, Bobby felt very insignificant. He wondered if Porter would be disappointed.

Disappointed? Christ, no, Porter wasn’t disappointed. Not with Bobby, anyway. If he was disappointed with anything, it was with himself. It was with his inability to control his desires. It was with his sickness that he’d once thought he controlled but which evidently controlled him. To Porter, Bobby was almost perfect. The boy’s youth made him more desirable than most of the young men with whom Porter had had sex before. Bobby was so desirable he made Porter faintly disturbed.

Bobby wondered why he was fumbling with his fly buttons underneath Porter’s careful scrutiny. This wasn’t the first time Bobby had stripped. He was a hustler, wasn’t he? He’d been sucking dick since before he’d dropped his balls. It was because he’d been down over his father’s cock that his mother had finally divorced the man. Since then Bobby had long been aware that there were extra dollars to be had by just standing around off street corners and rubbing the ridge of his cock at his crotch.

So why was Bobby nervous now? He was nervous because it was dark, because he was lost somewhere in the trees of the park, because he was with a stranger who could have easily broken him in half with one hand. He was nervous because the whole scene was such a turn-on. He was nervous because the excitement was enhanced by the danger. He was nervous because if he lived through

this evening experience he wondered if ordinary sex would any longer hold quite the thrill it used to.

Danger was not the best aphrodisiac on which to get hooked. The world of hustlers and the people who paid for them was filled with too many morons. If you didn't die today in the shadowy darkness of a park, then you could die tomorrow somewhere else, with someone else who didn't look sick but was – if you became addicted to danger.

Bobby dropped his pants. He raised one leg and then the other as he stepped free of them. He looked for a place to put them and hi T-shirt. Porter reached for them, took them, and dropped them over the seat of the motorcycle with his own stuff.

Porter had taken off nothing more than his helmet, gloves, jacket, T-shirt, and turtleneck sweater. He stood, his pants still clinging to his slim hips, his boots still on his feet. He watched the boy, licking his lips as he did so.

Bobby stood in his shorts. His cock was well evident beneath the cotton. The cock had leaked an oozing of juices, which had soaked the material covering the large cock head. Beneath the stretched fabric the lines of the cock were distinct. The cock was a good seven inches. It was long. It was fat. It was circumcised. It jutted upward and toward the left. Had it stood straight up along the boy's belly, its head would have popped free of the elastic waistband.

Porter waited, folding his arms across his chest. His biceps were attractive bulges, balanced by triceps on the opposite side of his arms. His forearms were large, tapering to thick wrists and big hands.

Bobby hooked his thumbs in his shorts. He pulled downward, dragging the cloth over his ass and cock.

Bobby's cock shifted to a completely upright position as the under shorts were pulled from it. Porter suddenly found himself thinking of Mat. Why? Because this kid was blond? Because this kid was probably only fifteen or younger? Porter tried to squeeze all thoughts of his son out of his mind. This thing Porter was doing was bad enough the way it was without sneaking in even the vaguest suspicions of incestuous desires.

Porter waited until Bobby's shorts were off. He then reached for them. The boy handed them over. Porter added the shorts to the growing pile.

Porter walked to the boy. He put his hands on Bobby's shoulders. The flesh was warm to his touch. The boy's face just reached Porter's chest.

"What do you want me to do?" Bobby asked. He swallowed hard. He was close to the man. He could smell him. It was a warm, heavy smell of leather, of sweat, of musky aftershave lotion.

Porter squatted down, sitting on his heels. His face looked into Bobby's. Bobby had thick lashes. Mat had thick lashes. The kid had a sensuous mouth. Mat had a sensuous mouth.

"I want to fuck you," Porter said.

CHAPTER TWO

Bobby suspected the man would want to fuck bun. A stud like this was just made for screwing. Bobby was anxious to see the hard cock that would soon be driven up his butt. If it was as muscled as the rest of the man's body, Bobby wondered if he'd die stuck on the end of fucking penis. "Does twenty dollars get me a fuck?" Porter asked. He really wanted more than a fuck.

"How do you want it?" Bobby asked. There were a good hundred ways to fuck. Dog-style. Missionary style. Standing. Sitting. Cock dominant, ass dominant. Bobby had about fucked in them all.

Porter ran his hands down along Bobby's arms, clamping in for a firm hold on the boy's biceps and triceps. He held Bobby with just enough force so that it was obvious Bobby was completely under Porter's control.

"I want you to straddle the front wheel of the motorcycle," Porter said, his throat dry and aching. "And I want to tie your arms to the handlebars and jab my thick cock to its heavy balls up your tight little rear."

"Yes," Bobby said. But had he meant to say yes? Hadn't he meant to say no? He'd always sworn to himself that no stranger would ever tie him up, ever make him completely helpless. People got hurt that way. Too many kinky people lived in the world. Too many people didn't know when to stop. Give them an inch and they'd take a mile. So why had Bobby said yes so quickly? Why was he actually so eager? Was it more danger? More excitement?

It was probably because Bobby knew for a fact that he was already under Porter's power. It made no difference whether Bobby was tied or not, he was helpless in this situation. One blow of Porter's hand

would have knocked Bobby senseless. Then whether Bobby was tied or not, Porter would have at his ass. Where would Bobby run to if he decided to run? Which way was deeper into the forest? Which way was to safety? How far was safety? How much distance could he cover naked without Porter easily catching him?

Bobby had already come too far to say no to anything now. He was so completely under Porter's power, he was actually the slave to a master. And there was a certain pleasure inherent in that realization. Knowing everything was out of his hands, Bobby felt all the burden of responsibility lifted from his shoulders. Whatever happened from here on out, Bobby couldn't be held responsible.

Porter stood. One hand holding Bobby's shoulder, he led the kid around to the front of the motorcycle.

Bobby walked to straddle the front wheel, facing toward the handlebars and the seat. His balls dropped so low they brushed against the metal wheel guard.

Porter unfastened his belt, pulling it free of his pants. He used it to attach Bobby's wrist to the right cycle handle. He used a large handkerchief from a rear pocket to tie the boy's other wrist secure to the other handle.

Porter moved so that Bobby could see him.

"Have you been tied before?" Porter asked, curious. The boy had been so willing. Porter had had to fight with some of them. He enjoyed a good struggle.

"No," Bobby answered. He sat on the wheel guard, feeling the metal run along the crease of his ass. There was something exceedingly exciting about all of this. Bobby's pleasure just kept growing and

growing. He didn't know when he'd been quite so turned on by just the preliminaries leading up to the sex. It was unfortunate he was enjoying this. How boring a regular fuck would be later.

"It'll be good," Porter promised.

It was surprising, but even the ones who initially fought ended up enjoying. Bobby, willing to begin with, was certainly going to have a good time.

Porter unfastened the first snap that held the leather of his pants together at the fly. He was wearing no underwear. The wisp of pubic hair which had begun on his belly now bushed deeper along the front of the man's naked flesh.

Bobby watched, fascinated. God, how he wanted to see this cock. Yet, God, how he was really afraid of seeing it. How big would it be? It looked enormous where it rested in concealment along Porter's left thigh. But then leather pants sometimes had a distorting quality about them.

Porter undid two more snaps. More pubic hair bushed through the enlarged opening. With the last snap undone, the roots of the large cock came finally into view, the cock neck and cock head aimed downward into Porter's left trouser leg. Bobby swallowed. The cock roots looked huge. Maybe, though, it was just the poor lighting. Still, the light seemed ample enough to tell big from small. And Porter's cock base looked damned big.

Porter slipped his fingers beneath the belly of his cock. He clamped his thumb over the top. He pulled upward and outward. His cock bowed through the fly. The head of the cock moved upward along Porter's leg. It drooled pre-seminal juices through the hair on his thigh.

Bobby was enthralled. Never, but never, had he ever run across anyone quite as sexy as this stud. And, despite his young years, Bobby had gone through more than his share of men. Of course the guys who paid for partners weren't usually the best looking ones around. Jesus, had Bobby lucked out this evening!

Porter's cock sprung free. It was just as large as Bobby imagined it would be. Maybe it was even a bit bigger. It was circumcised. It was so thick that Bobby wondered if his fist could even reach around it. For that matter, would his butt be able to span it?

"Jesus, you're hung like a horse," Bobby said appreciatively.

"It's not as big as it looks," Porter said. Actually, seeing his cock unveiled and how small Bobby suddenly seemed, Porter wondered if he could feed his meat into the boy. Despite his bountiful dimensions, Porter had never had problems before. But he'd never fucked a boy quite this young before.

Porter went around behind the boy. He, too, straddled the wheel, moving to within striking distance of Bobby's young butt.

Bobby sensed Porter's body behind him. He lifted his ass from the metal fender in preparation for taking the cock between his buns.

Without any warning, Porter bit Bobby's ass with the paint of his hand. It was a glancing blow, one making more noise than causing any real pain. In fact, it was the surprise of the noise and not the pain which made Bobby gasp out in response.

The second blow was a little harder. The noise of the flesh against flesh sounded loud within the darkness. There was more pain in this second slap, but Bobby had somehow been expecting it. He gave no gasp of surprise upon its arrival. Porter continued striking the boy's

buns. He beat him until they grew warm to the touch. Bobby wasn't turned off at all by the butt beating. Quite the opposite. He used to get boners whenever his father gave him a licking. This, though, was better. Bobby's butt was all tingly and faintly itchy. Porter quit beating the ass. Just to make sure he hadn't overdone it, he slipped a hand around Bobby's belly. He put his hand flat against the boy's stomach. Bobby's cock, hard as ever, thumped back to hit the knuckles of Porter's hand. Pre-seminal juices splattered against Porter's fingers. Porter went for Bobby's cock. He took hold of it. He squeezed it. Holding its circumference down near its base, he milked upward along the shaft. He wiped the pooling juices off the cock head with the palm of his hand. He freed the cock.

Porter brought the slick of Bobby's pre-cum discharge back to the man's cock. He wiped the damp stuff along the length of his cock. Simultaneously, he pressed his cock tube free of its juices. He mingled those with Bobby's transferred lubricant. He coated his cock with a glaze of combined moisture.

Porter momentarily released his cock. He cupped his right hand beneath his lips. He drooled a mess of bubbly saliva into the palm. He transferred the pooling down to his cock. He massaged the spit along the surface of his cock meat. In the process he allowed himself a couple more masturbatory strokes. More clear juices seeped from the cock meat to be added to the smear.

Porter spit into his hand again. This mess he wiped into the crease of Bobby's butt. His fuck finger located the pucker and petted it lightly. He then put the fingertip directly over the hole. He pushed. The ass pucker gave with the pressure. Porter pushed harder. The finger entered. The mouth of the ass hale rolled back along the entering inches. Porter shoved in as far as his finger would go. He twisted it up the butt. Whatever spit there was on the finger now drug free to lubricate the bowel.

Porter pulled his finger free. He brought his hand back to his cock. He pulled the cock away from his stomach. It was so hard, the cock seemed ready to break free of Porter's belly at the roots. It didn't break, though. It pried down to a position parallel to Porter's abdomen.

The man put the head of his cock against the upper reaches of Bobby's anal crack. He pulled his cock down along the crease. The glands of his cock eased between the merging ass buns. It reached the bottom of the crack. It moved until it centered over the pucker. Porter hesitated before beginning insertion. What would happen if his cock was too big for the kid's butt? What would happen if Porter got carried away in his passion and damaged the boy's rectum? What then? What in the fuck would Porter do? He couldn't let the kid fend for himself. He couldn't leave the youth naked and bleeding. Porter inched his pelvis forward. He worked the head of his cock into the mouth of the ass hole. He felt the anal lips opening wider. He felt his cock head make a secure foothold up the bowel. The ass sphincter gummed dawn hard about the cock head, fishing around the cock neck just beneath the flaring of the pulpy corona.

"Eeeee," Bobby squealed, despite himself. He'd been determined to take the cock without a word of protest. However, the cock was obviously too big to be taken in silence. It might really be too big to take at all.

"Easy," Porter encouraged. He was actually baffled. The butt was tight. It was tighter than Porter had expected. Maybe the kid's ass hadn't been used quite as often by cock as Porter had expected. Maybe the bowel wasn't sufficiently stretched to take a cock of Porter's size.

Porter, his cock head now firmly entrenched within the ass hole, put his hands on Bobby's waist. His thumbs hooked the boy's back. His

fingers fanned down over the youth's hipbones. He held the boy secure and fed him another inch of cock.

"Oh, God," Bobby said. His voice was high-pitched, slightly breathless. He could feel the stretch of his ass hole. He had visions of the splitting, the resulting crack spreading up the butt crease to his backbone and downward to the boy's heavy nuts.

Still, the fact that Bobby's cock was still hard wasn't lost on the boy. Could his cock actually still be so hard if his ass was so near tearing? Would the cleaving of his rectum come with its own special brand of masochistic pleasuring?

Porter paused, not forcing more of his cock up the butt. He waited, hoping the bowel would adjust to what was already inside of it. Porter's pause was a smart maneuver. Actually, Porter's cock was large but hardly large enough to split this particular butt. This ass hole had had more than its share of cock. It wasn't virgin by a long ways. It was merely so tight now because Bobby's subconscious and conscious fears of his butt ripping were making it so. All Bobby's past experience hadn't prepared the boy for this scene. He'd forgotten all he'd learned about relaxing anal muscles for any cock, no matter what the cock size. In fact, after a good minute without further insertion, the butt began to automatically adjust. Bobby came to his senses, realizing his ass muscles would have tore further to take the meal Porter was prepared to feed them. The boy called upon his forgotten expertise. He willed his butt to relax. He was frankly surprised at how quickly his asshole moved to comply to Bobby's mental commands. Porter was aware of the decreasing squeeze against the glands and the first inch of his cock. He breathed an audible sigh of relief. Maybe it would be okay after all. "I'm okay, now," Bobby said. He was disgusted with himself for not being the pro he'd have liked to be. He'd been shivering with the fear of a kid about to lose his cherry. But, damn it; this stud had made him feel like he was just

about to lose his cherry ass. That was saying a hell of a lot for this blond butt fucker.

“Sure?” Porter asked. He could tell really by the way his cock now nuzzled a relaxed butt hole that the kid was all right, but he wanted to make sure. He had been genuinely afraid there for a quick moment that the butt was going to mature.

Porter nudged his lower body closer into Bobby’s butt. His cock slipped in further. The butt was still tight, but it wasn’t the strained tightness it had been. Both Porter and Bobby were pretty confident that they’d crossed over the hump and were safely on the other side. Granted, the cock wasn’t all the way in. But in any butt fuck half of it was psychological anyway, wasn’t it?

Porter suddenly stopped worrying about ripping the butt altogether. His main interest turned to getting on with the screw. What piece of his cock he had up the bowel felt damned good. So good that Porter was anxious to put even more in. He scooted two more inches up the slot.

“Yes,” Bobby grunted. “Fuck, yes.”

Bobby’s chest was pressed into the motorcycle headlight. His wrists were chafed by their bindings on the handlebars. His ball sac still dropped low enough between his legs so that it brushed against the bike wheel guard. Bobby’s cock stood tall before the youth’s belly. Its meat us leaked a drool that ran along the cock corona and down the cock neck. Some juices had trailed as far as the boy’s belly, beading there in his blond pubic hair. A final humping jabbed the last of the cock up Bobby’s rectum. The final piece of the cock buried so quickly that it made Bobby grunt. However, the boy’s butt quickly adjusted to the last of the cock just as it had finally adjusted to the first of it.

Porter nuzzled closer. His lower belly nudged snugly against the boy's buns. Porter's pubic hair raked against Bobby's butt flesh. His hand still on Bobby's hips, Porter pulled the boy's body back into him.

"Nice," Porter mumbled. And it was nice. It was very nice. But then butt fucking was always nice. That was part of what kept pulling Porter back and back again to the male-male sex scene. Of course, it just wasn't the feeling from good butt that brought Porter here. It was something deeper which Porter didn't even like to think about.

Holding firm to Bobby's hipbones, Porter shifted to pull some of the man cock loose of the recently claimed hole. The cock reluctantly pulled free, the friction pulling the bowel to a convexing at the mouth of the ass hole. Bobby felt as if Porter was going to turn his butt inside out.

Porter's second insertion was easier than the flint. The bowel had been lubricated by leaking cock juices on the first plugging. When the cock had been pulled back to its head, those juicing had smeared the anal tube. An upward thrusting of Porter's hips made Bobby go up on his toes. The boy's ass hole collapsed in on the fucking cock. The boy pushed his ass back over Porter's sticking cock. He gave a skilled revolving motion that stirred the cock up the boy's tight behind. Porter pulled his cock back out to its head. He pushed in to his balls. He drew out again to the beginning flare of the cock corona. He shoved once more up the ass, giving an accompanying grind of pubic bone against the ass buns for good measure.

Porter fucked. The ass hole was really getting sopped now with juices. The oozing offered a slick runway on which the cock inches could plow and then retreat. Bobby enjoyed. His enjoyment was just as unusual as the whole scene. Not that he was so jaded at fifteen that he could seldom feel pleasure any more. Oh, there was always pleasure. It was merely a matter of degree. There was the minimal

pleasure one could feel while getting his cock sucked off by a balding old fat man, and then there was this. On a scale of one to ten, the balding old fat man was probably a one. Getting fucked by this stud was a good nine. Porter was a nine only because a ten was perfection. Bobby never expected to find a ten anywhere. Until now he'd never really ever expected to find a nine, especially in a butt fuck. Porter could see the underlying muscle in Bobby's back tense and relax as a direct response to the fucking. He could hear Bobby's little groans of pleasure. He could also hear the animalistic purrings alive within his own throat. Bobby continued to enjoy. Although Porter had touched Bobby's cock those few seconds in the very beginning, the boy's ecstasy swelled now to new heights with each glide of Porter's cock into, and over, the youth's swollen prostate.

After a few minutes of screwing, Porter began to reach the state of mind he enjoyed the most. Suddenly something clicked somewhere inside him, and he no longer gave a damn that he was a grown man fucking male ass instead of the cunt he should have been fucking.

During these special moments, Porter reached a pleasure point where all the previous mental anguish that resulted from his homosexual needs faded, were successfully shoved off into a special slot in his mind. He could suddenly enjoy his sex completely without guilt. The guilt, of course, would come later. Later he would also remember the good time he'd had, making the guilt seem even stronger. He would find himself promising himself that he'd never do it again. But he would. Yet for the moment Porter was no longer caring so much about the fact that he was possibly queer. He no longer cared he was a policeman disobeying the law. He no longer cared he was a man, with a son, fucking a kid who was young enough to be that son. All that mattered was his cock up this butt. All that mattered was the heat flaming suddenly in the pit of his belly, spreading, spreading, spreading into the very center of his being.

Porter grew mellow at these moments. He enjoyed so much; he was more than willing to share the pleasure. After all, there was more than enough for everyone, wasn't there? Why shouldn't he share the goodness, contribute more than just his cock up this kid's butt. Porter let his right hand slip down around Bobby's belly. He dropped his fingers to Bobby's cock. The boy's hard penis had been left to its own for too long now.

His one hand wrapping Bobby's cock, Porter's other hand slid around and dawn to the kid's nuts. The scrotum, which had once dragged the wheel guard, was now elevated. The nuts were round and ballooned with cum.

"Oh, Jesus, yes," Bobby grunted. He was surprised to find Porter's fingers on him. Usually when a guy paid to fuck him, the buyer wasn't in the least interested in Bobby's pleasure. Porter was definitely not the run-of-the-mill guy out for a quick fuck. He was someone different. Though Bobby doubted he'd have the time to ever really figure Porter out.

Porter squeezed his handful of boy nuts. He began to languidly stroke the boy's cock. His hips continued to fuck his cock up the boy's tight ass. Bobby grunted his appreciation. The boy's body was a maze of conflicting sensations. His wrists and forearms chafed against the motorcycle handles. His chest scratched the headlight. His ass grew warm, rubbing against the hard penis. His balls ached from Porter's squeezing fingers. But all of that discomfort was nullified by the pleasure. In fact, the pain somehow seemed only to supplement the pleasure, making it better. Porter's hand stripped the loose outer flesh upward along the hard core of Bobby's cock. Simultaneously, his cock was being stripped up Bobby's ass. It was almost as if Porter's cock stuck all the way through Bobby's body. Porter didn't want it to end. When the moment was on him, he never wanted to let it escape. He wanted it to go on and on and on. Which was impossibility. No orgasm built forever. It might oblige by building

slowly at first, but it didn't hold off indefinitely. Soon, even the building began to go faster. Soon the pleasure had a will all of its own, and there was nothing anyone could do to control it. You had to lust due with it, go where it wanted to take you. Sometimes the ride was breathtaking, like now. Sometimes it was so exhilarating you thought the roller coaster you were on would jump the track and take you with it. This was becoming one of those rides. Porter's humping went into high gear. His hand whipped Bobby's meat in a frantic accompaniment.

Bobby threw his head back. He opened his mouth, shut it, and opened it again.

"Oh, fuck me," Bobby growled. "Oh, J... yes... yes... yes." Porter gave a forward hump of his hips that connected so forcefully with Bobby's butt that the motorcycle almost tipped aver, taking both of them with it. It didn't tip, though. In truth, neither the man nor the boy had paid much attention to what the motorcycle had almost done. They were too caught up in their own fantasy world to be much aware of the reality of the present.

Porter jabbed his cock one final time into Bobby's body. He went up on his toes, lifting Bobby's butt right along with him. The cock bumped frantically over Bobby's prostrate. The friction in the ass was so great the cock neck turned as hot as a poker submerged in the coals of a fire. Porter squeezed Bobby's balls, squeezed them even harder as the man's pleasure peaked inside of him. Porter tried desperately to cling to the peaking. He knew only too well what would come after the ultimate. From there it was all downhill. And how long would it be before Porter again had the guts to go off searching for what his body cried for?

"Oh, Christ!" Porter wheezed. His voice trailed off into a breathless sigh. His cock erupted. Cum blasted Bobby's prostate, stringing it with cream.

Bobby squealed. His arms jerked, his wrists burning on the leather and cloth which bound them. His cock burned hotter in Porter's pumping hard. His butt burned beneath the splattering heat of Porter's erupting cum.

Bobby blew his wad. The first slugs shot high and wide. The following slugs didn't go quite as far. The last spurtings drooled down over Porter's fingers like frosting on a layer cake.

CHAPTER THREE

When had masturbation become not enough? Mat sometimes wondered. He could wonder now, even as he prepared to jack off. Mat was naked. He stood in front of the bedroom mirror. What he saw reflected in that mirror pleased him.

Mat had every right to be pleased. He possessed that delicate balance of good looks which made people say he was extremely handsome rather than pretty; although his mother had often insisted he'd been a pretty baby.

Mat Conklin was no baby now. If he couldn't yet be called a man, it was only because of his youth and not because his balls hadn't long since dropped and started to sprout hair in the process. Mat's nuts were nice, large ones. They were especially bulbous when they contained a good supply of cum. They were overloaded now. They were so chock full of the boy's goodness that they actually ached. However, Mat was determined to fix that.

Mat wasn't exactly sure what he had in mind. Of course, it would all boil down to masturbation in the end. But there was masturbation, and then there was masturbation. Once upon a time it had merely been a process of pulling out the hard meat and simply beating it until it heaved up its load. Not any more. Just grabbing hold and pumping to climax was no longer enough. Had Mat become bored with it? He really didn't know. Maybe it had been the pure boredom. Maybe, though, the fantasizing had actually come to make sex more intense and satisfactory for him.

Whatever the reasons, Mat had gone from simple, basic cock flogging to rather complex mental fantasies within a very short period of time. Mat had more than once rolled around on his bed, squealing like a stuck pig, his finger jabbed up his Vaseline lubricated ass,

while his other fingers pumped his hard cock. Only behind Mat's closed eyes, it wasn't his hands molesting his body. It was hard cock up his butt. It was hot mouth wrapping his priming cock.

Mat went to his chest of drawers, kneeling to pull out the lowest compartment. He fished beneath a pile of neatly folded sweaters. He located a piece of twine. On one end was tied a heavy metal weight. The weight was actually a lead sinker used in fishing. Mat had pilfered it from a game fishing boat his father had once chartered along with a couple of guys on the police force.

Mat stood. He took the twine and the lead sinker over to his desk. He didn't linger at the pile of school papers waiting for him on the desk top. He pulled the chair over to the full-length mirror attached to a sliding closet door.

Mat again eyed his naked body. He'd always gotten kind of turned on by the way he looked. Maybe that was why he got so easily horny when he was by himself. Maybe that was why he was so God awful horny now. Of course, another reason for the large load of spunk presently stored in his balls was Coach Powel. Not that Mat was so turned on by the school coach. Oh, sure, Mat found the guy pretty damned handsome in a hair-bear-like sort of way. Mat had actually fantasized sex with the coach on more that one occasion. But, Coach Powel was actually only a mediocre turn-on at best. Mat wished it were otherwise.

Mat had gotten a glimpse of some gay books a couple of times, one of which had a gay coach screwing around with his young charges. The only one Coach Powel screwed around with was apparently his wife. Mat couldn't recall a time he'd seen Betty Powel without a baby-bloated belly. Compliments of the coach!

No, it wasn't any really intense sexual attraction for Coach Powel that had Mat's balls presently all ballooned. It was the fact that Coach Powel had interrupted a circle jerk that afternoon before Mat had managed to blast his load.

Tim Wheeler and Tommy Moore had lucked out. They'd already sprayed their seed in a messy slime all over their hands and the wall. They'd been in the process of mopping up their mess with an old T-shirt. But then, Tim and Tommy had always been quick on the trigger. A few pumps of their fingers over their ample cocks, and bam, that was it! If it was somebody else's hand doing the touching, things went even faster.

Tim and Mat had once gotten together amid a maze of old school lockers stored in a vacant classroom. All Mat had done was touch Tim's crotch, and that was all she wrote. Hell, Tim's cock hadn't even been out of the kid's drawers. They hadn't even gotten as far as unzipping and pulling out. Mat had just touched the swollen bulge evident along Tim's left thigh. Tim had gone all breathless and started grunting and gasping like sixty. The damned little bastard had creamed his jeans without even letting Mat touch the real thing. Then he'd been so embarrassed he'd shot out of there like a bat out of hell. Mat had been left to his own means. He'd jacked off, thinking his cock was rammed to its roots up Tim's ass.

Anyway, after a little practice, Tim had gotten down to prolonging his blast-offs. But he still wasn't in the same class as Mat was in. However, that particular afternoon at the circle jerk Mat had wished he'd been as quick to shoot off as Tim had been. Then, at least, he wouldn't have ended up frustrated as hell and trying to stuff his stiff cock back into his jockstrap while Coach Powel stood apparently aghast in the doorway. "Get your asses in gear, or you'll be late for your next class!" the coach said. "Beat your meat on your own time!"

If nothing else, Coach Powel was a cool head. He'd handled it very well, Mat thought. Mat tried to picture his father under similar circumstances. All he could see was his old man's mouth wide open, his eyes wide and slowly. Porter Conklin, Mat was sure, was completely unaware that his son's balls had even dropped.

Mat smiled at the thoughts of his father. He then brought another chair over in front of the closet mirror. Both chairs were straight-backed and wooden. Mat arranged them so that they both faced the mirror, a gap of about six inches between the edges of the seats.

Mat sat so that he had an ass bun resting on each chair. His ass crack was positioned over the gap, his healthy balls drooped down between it.

Mat reached for the twine and the sinker he'd left within easy reach on the edge of the bed. Holding the twine by its un-weighted end, he let the anchor drop slowly to the floor. He gauged just how much slack in the string was needed to keep the weight elevated off the rug. That accomplished, he went to work.

Mat hoisted the weight back up and let it rest for a moment on one thigh. He then began tying the free end of the twine around his nuts. He did this by making and out of his forefinger and thumb and encircling the upper expanse of his scrotum. With his other hand he used the twine to tie off his balls like a wrangler dog-tying the legs of a steer. Securing the knot, he then picked the weight up off his thigh and lowered it back down between his legs. When he was finished, the lead sinker and the twine were suspended from his crotch like the pendulum on a grandfather clock.

Mat set the weight in motion. He luxuriated in the ecstasy of the resulting ache. The young boy lifted both legs. He bent them at the knees. He placed the soles of his feet against the mirror. He leaned

back until he felt his shoulder blades contact the support offered by the backs of the chairs.

“Feels good,” Mat muttered to no one in particular. “Feels real good.” Mat could almost tell this was going to be a good jack-off session, like the time he’d pushed a string of his mother’s pearls up his bung hole and then yanked them slowly out at climax. Oh, Mat was really quite innovative as far as masturbation went.

Mat could be pleased with his steady succession of ideas to improve his pleasure. Simultaneously, he could be worried that a time was destined to occur when even his fertile mind might be unable to come up with anything new. Maybe, Mat thought, he was progressing too quickly for a fifteen-year-old boy. From masturbation just for the sake of masturbation to fantasizing during a jack-oft to this latest kinky trip, all boiled down to what? In short, Mat wondered what could possibly be next on the horizon.

Mat had a good look at his ass hole in the mirror. It would have been better, but the view was somewhat impeded by his balls which were pulled down to conceal part of his crack. The twine ran along the butt crease.

The ass cheeks were devoid of hair until well within the slope of the butt cheeks. What few hairs were within the anal valley (most of those clustered at the pucker itself) were blond and silky. Mat’s belly was creased, but that was only because of his positioning. He had a flat stomach, one hindered with not an iota of excess fat. His chest was hairless, domed with two distinct pectorals. He had dime-sized nipples, centered on each pec. His hair was blond. It banged in a deep leftward sweep over his forehead, shielding his blue eyes.

He had a dimple in his right cheek, a cleft in his chin. Mat’s fingers cupped the belly of his cock. His thumb hooked snugly over the cock

back. He drew his fisted fingers upward. He milked his sexual pap for its pre-seminal juices. When the clear, oily liquid beaded within the pouting meat us, Mat used the heel of his thumb to smear the fat corona with the slick discharge.

The cock head beneath Mat's massaging thumb was a large one. It was a light pink in color, divided in two equal parts by the slashing cock mouth. The glands flaring had been cleared by circumcision. The mushroom cap was supported on a large, streamlined cock neck. One blue vein stood out prominently. It appeared at the cock roots and climbed up the back of the erect cock to disappear within the smooth scar tissue left over after the circumcision.

Mat's cock made a nice handful. At eight inches, it also made a nice hunk of meat to look at. Mat had never had to hide it in the locker room because it was too small. Nor was it so large that it was the object of joking or ridicule, like Paul Westphal's prick. Everyone said Paul would have to marry a horse to take care of all his inches. Mat would have liked to get his hands on Paul's cock if Paul hadn't been such a turkey. Actually, Paul had nothing to offer anyone but his big cock. Paul was skinny, not good in sports, and was continually tripping over, as the rumor went, his own large cock. But then, Mat wasn't long thinking of Paul Westphal. He wasn't long thinking of anything except his cock he now held entrapped within his grasping fingers.

Mat milked for more pre-cum juices, again veneering his cock head with the mess. With the excess oozing, he smeared some of his cock neck. The slippery love oil was warm. It added to the sensuous slide of Mat's hand against the velvety outer folds of cock flesh. Mat's left hand came to his nuts, setting the hanging weight into greater motion. The resulting increase in the aching in Mat's groin was pleasing in a slightly masochistic sort of way. Mat's right hand took up a rhythmic pounding over his solid hunk of erected meat. There was immediate warmth that arose within the whipped cock neck. The

warmth spread into Mat's bound balls, and then it moved into the base of his belly. Mat fucked his fingers. His hips began a little bounce, aided by the flex of his legs against the floor. His hand glided from the knotted cock roots to the pulpy cock corona.

Stroking brought the hand once more to the cock summit. Loose outer folds of skin slid sensuously upward along the hard inner core. Another glide of the hand brought the same loose flesh back down toward the hard cock balls. Mat's nut sac was contracting, despite the weight that held it stretched floor ward. The noose of twine had also slipped so that the boy's two balls were squeezed together at the very end of the suspended scrotum. The gonads were mashed together, the constant ache only a supplement to the boy's swelling passion.

Mat brought his left hand up to his mouth. He stuck his thick finger into his face. He sucked, flicking the finger into the warm insides of his mouth. He covered the finger with juicy spit. He pulled the finger free, putting it down between his legs. Looking in the mirror, Mat could see the pucker of his ass hole, hidden partially behind the line of twine. Mat put his finger to the small brown eye. He pushed. The tip of his finger concaved the butt entrance. The ass sphincter yawned back. Mat's finger penetrated to its first knuckle. Mat didn't immediately push further. He left his finger where it was, jiggling it slightly, enjoying the pleasure even this little butt plugging gave him.

Mat's right hand hadn't interrupted its beating rhythm. It was still at work, whipping first over the familiar neck of the penis. Mat's liquid leaked from the cock mouth. Mat added the smearing to the veneering already slicked along the cock neck. The lubricant made it easier for Mat's jacking hand to make its trip from the glands to the thick roots. Mat bucked his hips, his butt dimpling against the hard seat. His shoulders were turning red where they chafed against the back of the chairs.

Mat kept checking out his reflection in the mirror. Watching himself had a decidedly voyeuristic pleasure to it. He could tell just by looking at his dilating pupils, sweaty forehead, touting muscles, just how far along he was. His nuts were still pulling upward. His face and upper chest were flushing a dull pink. His hand was beating even faster. Mat thrust his fuck finger deeper up his butt, twisting it as it went. “Oh, sweet Jesus,” Mat hissed, the tip of his finger hitting his prostate and glancing off. The resulting dull ache added itself to the ache originating in Mat’s molested balls. The total paining combined to give more depth to the pleasure taking hold of Mat’s body.

Mat licked his lips. He growled low in his throat. He added a corkscrewing torque to his jacking strokes. Cock skin twisted about its hard inner core.

Even with his eyes open Mat could still indulge in his fantasies. It wasn’t his finger up his butt but Tim Wheeler’s cock. No, not Tim Wheeler. Somebody else. Somebody older. Somebody butcher. Somebody who would be able to fuck for more than a couple seconds before popping his wad. Who did Mat know who fit those qualifications? The guy had to be muscular. He’d have the hard definition of Mat’s dad. Mat liked the way his father looked naked. Porter Conklin, as far as his son was concerned, had about the best body Mat had ever seen a man. It wasn’t all bulged up and knotted out of proportion like a muscle builder’s body, but the muscle was there. Jesus, yes, the muscle was definitely there!

So the finger up Mat’s butt was the muscular stud’s cock. The cock would be hard to match the body. It would be thick. It would be long and powerful. It would come equipped with a pair of nuts full of brim with own.

“Fuck me, stud,” Mat panted.

Mat was no longer ashamed that all his fantasies revolved around another male. Oh, he'd used to be ashamed, but not any longer. He'd tried to imagine cunt a few times. He'd even managed to blow his wad that way. However, it just wasn't the same as it was imagining male cock, male mouth, male ass. Sometimes Mat imagined girls just to keep himself in practice. Being the school jock he was, and he would continue to be throughout his school years, he would be expected to like girls. It was going to take a lot of practice to make that look real. It wasn't so much that he disliked girls per se. They just didn't do as much for him as one of the older athletic studs showering down in the locker room.

Yea, the older guys in the locker room! Mat sometimes got to be towel boy when the older jocks came in off the playing field. They'd all be half naked and playing grab-ass. Seeing them would always give Mat a hard-on for sure.

So, suddenly Mat's phantom lover had a face. Billy Gallaway's face. Billy Gallaway was seventeen. Billy Gallaway was captain of the school track team. Billy had a body that was one day going to be just as good as the one Mat's father had. Billy also had one large cock.

Imagining Billy's cock up his ass made Mat's pleasure soar to even greater heights. His finger fucked his butt with an even faster momentum. Mat's fingers moved to a faster cadence over his cock.

"Screw me, Billy!" Mat grunted. "Fuck me deep!" Mat obliged himself by jabbing his finger even deeper up his butt. He twisted it against his prostate. All the while he was beating his cock like crazy. Mat was beginning to sweat. His butt was leaving sweat stains where it sat. His back was damp against the backs of the chairs. A run of perspiration was drooling down between the small valley formed by the meeting of his pectoral muscles on his chest. Some of the sweat was already pooled within the pit offered by his indented navel. Mat growled a few more times. He gargled his pleasure. His nuts let go.

“Oh, Christ!” Mat’s ass hole jerked around his plugging finger. His hand webbed with the sticky streams of the boy’s exploded healthy wad. Slugs of slippery white cum exited the cock mouth and dropped to splat in gooey pools along the youth’s chest and belly. All the while he was exploding, Mat was aware of the aching caused by his weighted nuts. Though that pain never did become so great that it blotted out the ecstasy. It was always simply complementary to the pleasure: a throbbing in the background that made the enjoyment better than it would have ever been without it.

More sperm oozed out over the boy’s flaying fingers. The juices slicked the erupting cock. The cock head and the cock neck turned slippery with the newly spilled sex juice.

CHAPTER FOUR

The bartender was shirtless. His muscular legs, large cock, and firm buns were poured into a pair of rubber trousers. He was wearing black boots.

His name was Money Wilkey. He didn't like the name Money. Everyone called him Dax.

Dax was twenty-one, just old enough to come into the bar. However, he'd been coming into it illegally for the past two years. He was an easy mingler, a nice-looking little stud who didn't put on airs. Most everyone like him, even the ones Dax hadn't gone to bed with. And he hadn't gone to bed with all that many. Dax had a penchant for attractive, butch studs, and they were hard to find.

Yet, on certain nights, like this one, Dax seemed to be batting a hundred. He'd taken one look at Lane and known he had to have him. The attraction had apparently been mutual. Anyway, after a couple of beers Lane had agreed to stick round for fun and games after closing. At one o'clock in the morning the bar became frantic time. Everyone was making last-ditch attempts to latch onto a warm body for the evening. Anyone, though, who was going to score had probably done so earlier.

Dax turned busy at the bar, filling up schooners like crazy. Rusty had already announced last call over the loud speaker. Guys who hadn't lucked out and were destined to go home alone were out to drink away their sorrow during the last few minutes allowed to them. Dax could only take occasional seconds out of his work routine to give Lane a quick wink. Lane replied by giving Dax a friendly smile. When the lights went on, Lane remained sitting. For a lot of people in the room the sudden glare was their signal for a quick exit. Lane didn't mind the light. Why should he? He didn't look anywhere near his

thirty-five years. He was one of those guys who aged gracefully. Lane noticed a few giving him a questioning glance. Lane didn't encourage them. From what he'd been able to determine of the action, he'd already latched onto one of the best catches in the room or had it been Dax who had latched onto him? Lane was actually a little uncertain how it had all come about, but he and the bartender were definitely scheduled for sex.

Dax gave Lane another wink. He then announced that everyone had better drink up, because the glass pickup was already in process. A guy in black leather stepped up next to Lane's stool at the bar. He'd arrived at the bar on his motorcycle at the exact moment Lane had gotten there. The guy had been eyeing Lane all evening. He'd actually gotten around to saying something after Lane had already promised Dax to stick around. If it hadn't been for Dax, Lane would have probably settled for the leather-clad dude. Dax, though, was younger. Lane could feel Dax was definitely the better part of the deal.

"There's a party tonight," the leather man said, dropping a folded piece of paper on the bar in front of Lane. "If you find yourself at loose ends later in the evening, drop on by. We'll be going right on into daylight."

"Will do," Lane answered. He pocketed the piece of paper and gave the guy a smile.

"Dax is a lucky bastard tonight," the guy said, giving Lane's leg a feel. His fingers flowed easily in to cover the ridge of Lane's cock meat. "But keep that baby warmed up for me next time around, won't you?"

"It'd be my pleasure," Lane told him. He always like the wide-eyed expression guys got when they felt the size of his cock. The stud in

leather turned and merged with the exiting mass of bodies. People had apparently taken the hint that the bar was closing. Most would go home. Some of the others would go to the party. The rest would head for the one after-hours place.

Dax as now by the door, eyeing everyone out onto the sidewalk. He usually let them linger if they wanted. Not tonight. Tonight Dax had other things in mind.

Dax kept a close eye on Lane. He had no intentions of losing the stud at this late in the game. Dax had momentarily been afraid that Dave was making a move, but he'd only left an address or phone number on a folded piece of paper he'd placed an the bar. He could have also been asking Lane to the party. If Lane had any energy left for a party after flax was finished with him, he would be more of a man than Dax had run into yet. Dax continued to admire Lane's looks even now that the lights were on. Dax liked Lane's short black hair, the tanned skin, the black eyes, the lush eyelashes, the deep cleft in the chin. If the face wasn't enough to get the juices boiling, what about the bod? From what Dax could tell without having yet stripped Lane naked, Lane's body held out great potential.

Dax ushered out the last of the crowd, shutting the door behind him and bolting it. He turned back into the room. He wondered how old Lane was. Even with the lights still on, it was difficult to tell.

At the same moment, Lane had estimated Dax's age at somewhere in the early twenties. It was a nice age to be. Lane remembered when he'd been twenty. There'd been some good times. There'd been some bad ones. But then, wasn't that true of any age?

"It'll only take me a minute to pick things up," Dax said, retrieving another empty bottle from the shelf running along one wall.

“Can I help?” Lane volunteered.

“Naw, there’s really not all that much to do. Rusty will come in first thing tomorrow and do the janitorial work.”

So Lane sucked up the last of his beer while Dax did what had to be done behind the bar.

Lane took the opportunity to take another good look at his partner for the evening.

Dax had brown hair. It was full and thick. It was feather cut. It covered his ears. It banged his forehead.

His eyes were brown. His nose was small without being too small. His lips were full without being too full. His teeth were white and even. He had a nice smile.

His chest was well developed. It had good lines. Which was one of the reasons Dax always worked with his shirt off. The pectorals were mounds of muscle, completely hairless except for the circling hair around the boy’s nipples. His belly was wash boarded, punctuated with an indented navel.

Pubic hair began around his navel. It was fine and not especially thick until just before it disappeared beneath the waistband of the rubber trousers the boy was weaning.

From the waist down, Dax might not have been wearing anything. The rubber clung to his body like a second skin. What the clinging rubber revealed would have sent any size queen into some bouts of heavy drooling. The thick cock trailed downward along the boy’s left thigh, rooted in the large mound made by the boy’s ballooned balls.

The cock was circumcised. Its flared corona was more than evident beneath the stretch of the black rubber.

Rubber was not Dax's favorite costume. He preferred leather. But Talbot had recently gone trough a rubber phase and wanted his employees to wear it. Talbot owned the bar. He owned three other bars, too. He had just flown to San Francisco to buy another bar. Dax didn't particularly miss him. While the cat is away, the mouse will play.

"You say you're just passing through, Lane?" Dax asked. He was washing up the last of the glasses, turning them bottom up on a drying towel.

"Yea, just passing," Lane affirmed. Which was true. He was just passing through. He would probably not have been here at all if it hadn't been for Clarence Williamson.

Clarence Williamson was a wealthy financier who was up for murdering his young socialite wife and her younger-yet tennis pro lover. There was no question that Clarence had done the shooting. He'd been caught red-handed over the bed containing the two corpses still in their very compromising embrace.

Clarence Williamson had money, though, which always tended to make guilt a little less clear. He'd hired Karl Nathaniel to handle his case.

Lane had flown in with Karl. He would stay en through the trial. There really wasn't much for him to do. He was there just in case Karl needed someone to do legwork for him. Karl had recently broken both legs while skiing and looked a little funny hobbling around the courtroom, screaming on and on about the mind twisting capabilities of uncontrollable rage.

“Go out and get yourself fucked,” Karl had said earlier that evening. “I’d join you myself if I wasn’t now a cripple because of trying to ape you going down an obviously too difficult ski slope.”

Karl and Lane had been lovers. Now they were merely friends and business associates. Actually, they were a little more. Karl had always wanted a son, and Lane (despite a father of his own), just fit the bill since Karl had no desire to go through the utterly repulsive chore of fucking cunt to make himself a boy child. Karl hated women. Even thinking about what they had between their legs made Karl desperately ill.

Karl had made quite a name for himself as a trial lawyer. He specialized in crimes of passion where women were usually the victims. If anyone could convince a jury that Clarence Williamson had been absolutely within his rights when he’d blown those large holes in his wife and his wife’s lover, it was Karl Nathaniel.

Dax put the last glass out to dry. He wiped his hands on a fresh towel. His face was flushed from the steamy water he’d been using. There was a thin veneering of sweat across his muscled chest. He tossed the towel into a basket beneath the bar. He turned his full attention to Lane.

“We could go to my place,” flax said, “But the back room here is closer. It’s also a bit better set up for what I think we probably have in mind.”

“Wherever you say,” Lane said. Lane long ago had finished his beer. Dax now took the empty bottle and added it to one of several cases of empties stacked in one corner.

Dax led the way to the back room. The room was separated from the main bar area by a curtain of chain. The metal links clinked every

time anyone walked through them en route to the pool tables or toilet beyond. The curtain clinked now as Dax and Lane passed through.

Dax turned down the lights. Things always seemed to look better when partially shrouded in dimness. It also added a bit of the desired atmosphere.

One wall was decorated with several glass cases. Each case was filled with bondage and discipline equipment. The collection wasn't extensive by any stretch of the imagination. It especially seemed sparse when taken in comparison to what Karl Nathaniel had in his back room. Still, what was here was a good set of basics. And during an evening of quick sex between two virtual strangers, any of the more complicated tools were hardly needed. The more advanced equipment was used for those nuances which were only appreciated by two people who had spent some time exploring the B&D scene together.

"This room doubles as the club room for the local cycle club," Dax said, jingling the keys hung from a loop on the right hand side of his trousers. "I'm the custodian of the equipment."

"Just what exactly were you planning for this evening?" Lane asked. It was one of the first questions he always asked when he was with someone who was obviously into toys. Lane had a lot of experience in the field. Karl had been heavy into the scene when Lane had first met him. However, there were some things Lane never did during the first session. One was allowing himself to be tied up. He knew his own capabilities for control when he played master. He knew no one was going to get hurt. But before he turned over the reins to anyone else, he was going to be damned sure they knew what they were doing.

Dax, though, had no intentions of even asking Lane to play slave. God, no! You didn't run into a butch like this and then expect him to go belly-down for you. Dax had other things in mind. He was thinking of his own tight little asshole. Too few people came though this bar who Dax would even think of letting up his butt. Now that one was here, he certainly wasn't going to pass it up.

"How about me belly down on the pool table?" Dax suggested. "I'll let you take it from there."

"Tied?"

Dax unfastened the key ring from his trouser loop and tossed it to Lane.

"Anyway you want it, stud," he said, feeling the sensuous chill of excitement coursing through him from head to toe.

"There's some pretty wicked equipment here," Lane whistled. "You trust me?"

"I asked Rusty to give a call in a couple of hours," Dax said.

"A lot could happen in a couple of hours," Lane reminded. He was always frankly amazed at how often, upon first meeting, a guy would consent to let Lane tie him up. And it wasn't all that rare a happening. Lane just couldn't have been so willing to give another individual so much power over his body. He hadn't been kidding when he'd said a lot could happen in a couple of hours. How long did it take to lift up someone's nuts and slice them off with a switchblade?

"Are you into the really heavy stuff?" Dax asked. Usually he didn't let himself be tied the first time. But then, Lane had said he was just passing through. If Lane were sticking around for a while it would

have been different. Then they could have built up to all of this more slowly. Since there was so little time, Dax had decided the risk was well worth it. Besides, working in a bar, Dax had come to think of himself as a fairly good judge of character.

"I'm never into the really heavy stuff on the first time around," Lane said. "Maybe after two or three."

"I believe you," Dax said. He pulled open the snaps on his rubber trousers and began peeling the clinging stuff down over his ass and hips.

Lane wondered about the kid's confidence. In a way he was actually envious of it. On more than one occasion Lane had found someone he would have liked to let tie him on a first meeting. He'd been tempted to succumb to the temptation. He'd never quite done so. Maybe it was because of Martin. Martin Taylor had been a good friend of Karl. They found him chained to a crate in a warehouse, minus his cock and balls. That had been in New York, though. Maybe New York was a different world altogether. Maybe it was easier to still trust people here in the smaller cities. Lane began to unlock one of the cabinets. At the same time he watched Dax's bare flesh coming into view. The unveiling really held no surprises. In the rubber trousers Dax's lower body had seemed as naked as his chest. Dax's lower belly was in just as good a shape as his upper stomach. The muscle was there, evident through the flat stretch of hard flesh. The boy's thighs were muscled, hair covered. His cock was large, big balled. The cock roots were surrounded by a bushing of healthy brown hair. His butt was solid. There wasn't much to it, but what there was had a nice shape to it.

"Shall I get on the table now?" Dax asked. His cock was, oh, so hard. Its pulpy head was pulled up level with the boy's navel. When Dax flexed his sphincter muscle at his ass, his cock neck made little jerky movements.

“Why don’t we begin by having you call me sir,” Lane suggested.

CHAPTER FIVE

As Lane unhooked four manacles and chains from their display brackets, a dull shiver raced up and down Dax's spine. Yes, by God, Lane did know what he was doing. Dax had known that from the first minute he'd seen him.

"I shall call you cocksucker, bastard, shit-head, turd, or whatever else comes into my head," Lane said.

"Yes, sir," Dax said. His cock jerked back. Its head hit his belly. Pre-seminal juices splattered in a sun bursting design over the tanned and muscled skin. Dax hadn't felt quite this way with any of the other guys he'd played games with. And a lot of them had looked the part more than Lane did. Or, rather, they dressed the part more. They wore black leather, leather jocks, leather boots, and leather vests. Lane was just in jeans and a T-shirt. But Dax would have bet money Lane knew more about B&D than any of the pseudo masters who nightly put on leather and rode the buses down to the bars.

"Then why don't you go over to the pool table, fart head?" Lane asked. "We might as well get this party on the road."

Dax did as he was told. He went over to the nearest pool table. He climbed up on it. He spread out on his belly, hands and feet pointed toward the corners. Thus spread out, he submitted docilely to his chaining.

Obviously Dax wasn't the first person to be chained to this particular pool table. The legs of the table were rigged with metal snaps to secure the end chain link. On the other end of each chain a manacle then secured either a wrist or an ankle.

With each metallic snap of the metal around a wrist or an ankle, Lane kept expecting Dax to change his mind. Lane knew he was experienced enough not to hurt the young man; but how, for a definite certainty, could Dax know that? Either Dax had more blind faith in a stranger than Lane could ever have, or he was one damned stupid ass hale. Dax really should have been just a little more cautious. As good-looking and well hung as Dax was, the bastard had a hell of a lot to lose. All it took was one major mistake.

“I don’t expect you to speak until you’re spoken to, do you understand that?” Lane asked, snapping the last manacle into place.

“Yes,” Dax said.

And Lane wasted no time in slapping ass for the boy’s first oversight. Whether Dax had failed purposely or not to address Lane with his title of sir was of little consequence. He had forgotten.

The whack was not a love pat. It was hard, and it was expertly delivered. The loud noise of it reverberated in the air. The buns of Dax’s ass vibrated from the blow.

“Sir!” Dax grunted loudly. “Yes, sir.”

“Listen to me kid,” he said, “And listen good. There are only two ways of doing a session like this. That’s the right way and the wrong way. I don’t know what half-assed ways you’ve became used to, but I’m used to only the right way. Now, if you suddenly think you’ve bitten off a little more than you can chew, you can still pull out. We can both go off to that little party and still have some fun. Do you want untied?”

“No, sir,” Dax said. God, no, he didn’t want untied. Lane had been right. Dax was used to half-assed sessions. Most of the guys around

didn't know any more about the real B&D scene than Dax did. They were just little boys playing games. Lane obviously was something more. And Dax didn't think that just because Lane had told him to call him sir. Dax had been asked to call other people sir. It had merely been the way Lane had gone about telling him, the way Lane had immediately chastised Dax for the oversight.

"Do you know what you became the minute you allowed yourself to be tied up to this pool table?" Lane asked.

"A slave, sir?"

"Are you just asking, or do you know something for a fact?"

"A slave, sir! I'm a slave."

"You're my slave," Lane said.

"I'm your slave, sir," Dax said.

"Slave: one who has lost control of himself and is dominated by another. Master: one having authority over another," Lane quoted from memory. "You're slave. I'm master. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good," Lane said. Karl would have liked Dax. It was a shame Karl couldn't get around much at night after a day on his crutches in the courtroom.

Lane went back to the display case for a piece of equipment he'd seen there. He brought the gag back with him. He told Dax to open his mouth. Dax obeyed.

The gag came complete with a leather tongue depressor. The gag budded behind Dax's head. Lane opened another display case with one of the keys Dax had given him. This time he took down a riding crop. Back at the pool table Lane put the tip of the riding crop to the base of Dax's neck. He drug it downward between Dax's shoulder blades. He went lower. He pressed the leather into the anal crease. He found the puckered asshole.

The opening of the anus was un-lubricated. So was the tip of the riding crop. The pressure of the crop only made the pucker concave without opening. The butt sphincter clung like glue in front of the butting leather tip.

Lane didn't press for an entrance. He pulled the crop away from the hole. He laid the length of it hard against Dax's butt. Then, without giving Dax any chance to recover, Lane slapped the boy's butt again and again.

The sting finally made Dax let out a muffled groan through his gag-stuffed mouth.

"I could kill you right now if I wanted to, do you know that, you silly bastard?" Lane asked. He wanted to emphasize that point. God, Dax hadn't know Lane from Adam. And here Dax was, tied up and helpless. Lane could indeed have killed him.

Lane dropped the riding crop onto the green felt next to Dax's spread-eagled body. He left the boy, walking back into the bar area. The money from the cash register was stuffed into a bulged money-bag lying near the empty cash register. Jesus, Dax was an ass!

Lane opened the refrigerator door. He took out a tall bottle of beer and opened it. Lane returned to the other room. The chains clinked once more as he stepped through them. Dax couldn't see Lane, but

he heard him coming back. Thank God for that! Dax had thought for a moment Lane was going to leave him and take off with the money.

"You're an ass, Dax!" Lane said. "I could walk out of here now with your receipts for this evening. And how would you explain your condition to anyone when they found you?"

Dax wished Lane would talk about something else. Lane was making Dax nervous.

Lane upturned the beer onto Dax's naked body. He trailed the streaming liquid down the boy's face neck, and back. He centered in on Dax's butt. He poured the flooding liquid along the crack. The beer bubbled, foamed, and splattered the felt of the pool table.

The beer was cold. Dax hadn't been expecting it. His body went stiff. His anus contracted at its opening. His nuts, partly visible at the vee of his splayed legs, writhed within the chill of the splashed liquid. Wiry brown hair moved on the shifting scrotal sac.

Lane stood at the bottom of the pool table. He put the empty bottle on the table. He leaned forward. He put one had to each ass cheek. He pulled the butt open along its crack. The valley was wet with booze. The hair within the crease was plastered to the curve of the buns. The brown pucker was shiny from the bath.

In several places the beating riding crop had broken the flesh of Dax's ass. The alcohol in the beer now added its own minor paining as it seeped into the split flesh.

Lane brought his head closer to Dax's butt. He ran his nose along the crease. His nostrils picked up the musky smell of ass, the yeasty smell of beer, the pungent smell of sweat.

Lane licked. What he'd just been smelling now became tastes upon his tongue. Lane rolled his tongue. He put the moist tip of it to the pucker. He pushed against the sphincter. The pucker was spongy, rubbery to the touch.

Lane injected a mess of spit through his rolled tongue. He washed the butt hole, pushing in as deeply as he could.

Dax groaned again through his gag. Jesus, but Lane knew how to eat out ass! Dax had been eaten by what he'd thought had been real pros. But Lane! Christ, Lane's tongue felt as if it were six inches of slippery snake. The soft probe of tongue managed an easier penetration of the butt than the riding crop would have done.

Lane kept the buns open. Karl would have enjoyed this ass. Karl enjoyed any male ass. But this one had an exceptionally good taste to it. There was something definitely aphrodisiacal about the combined mixture of sweat, of past shits, of spilled beer, which lingered about this particular ass hole.

Lane worked a hand dawn around Dax's belly. Dax obliged with a slight lifting of his hips. Lane moved in quickly on his target. He bypassed Dax's painfully hard cock. He closed his fingers in on the boy's cum-heavy nuts. He squeezed.

Dax groaned. He wasn't sure whether he moaned more from the pleasure of the tongue fuck up his butt or from the pain emanating from his mashed testicles.

Lane released the pressure on Dax's scrotum before the resulting pain became so great that it completely overrode the pleasure.

The skin of Dax's ball sac contracted as soon as it was free. Lane pulled his face away from the ass hole. He left the pucker wet with

spit. He used his left hand to keep the brown anal eye visible. With his right hand he picked up the beer bottle. He upturned it, putting the mouth of the bottle to the mouth of the rectum.

Dax was immediately aware that something had replaced the sensuous slide of tongue against his bowel opening. He wasn't quite sure just what that something was. It wasn't the riding crop. It was too hard.

"Relax your ass," Lane instructed. He pushed the bottle harder into the pucker. The rubbery eye sunk inward beneath the pressure, then reluctantly peeled back over the lips of the bottle.

"No!" Dax grunted. He'd suddenly realized what it was Lane was trying to stuff up his butt. It was the beer bottle. God damn, it was the beer bottle!

"I said relax, cocksucker, or you'll end up ripped from your balls to the small of your back." But Lane didn't wait for Dax to relax. He pushed the bottle harder. An inch of the phallic glass penetrated. The protesting anal muscles spasmed. They stuck to the glass and were drug inward as the bottle continued its penetration. Dax felt as if his bowel were imploding, being sucked in on itself.

"Pleeease, no," Dax grunted. He didn't want this. He'd never dreamed it would be anything like this. Not hard glass. He'd wanted the solid softness of hard cock. He'd wanted the resilient cock inches attached to Lane's lower belly. Not a bottle.

"You can take it if you relax," Lane said. "It's all a matter of mind over body."

More bottle fed up Dax's behind. Dax groaned even louder. There was no pleasure here. Dax suddenly realized why Lane had gagged

him. This way Dax's protests would come out muffled. This way there was no way Dax could take back what he'd already said. He'd agreed to be Lane's slave. He had verbally conceded that Lane was his master. How could he now contradict what he said? With groans? What were groans? One groaned basically the same animalistic gruntings whether one was filled with pain or pleasure. How was Lane to know now that Dax wasn't writhing in ecstasy but in agony?

"Relax, damn it!" Lane said firmly. "I am your master, and I command you to relax. If I tell you to take a beer bottle, you'll take it. If I tell you to take anything larger, you'll take that, too. You're nothing but a Goddamned hunk of shit!"

Dax tried to relax. Really he did. Could he help it if his body wouldn't respond? Jesus, he couldn't help anything.

"Stop it… stop it… stop it," Dax grunted. His mouth drooled spit. His team watered. Was he crying? Jesus, he hadn't cried in years. This bastard, this fucking animal was making him cry. And this was supposed to have been so very good. This was supposed to have been the evening he'd been waiting for. What in the hell had happened?

Lane continued pushing the bottle. He twisted it as he inserted. The glass bit Dax's prostate.

"Jesus, fuck!" Dax moaned. His ass hole fluttered around the plugging bulk. Dax's body went stiff again. He tried to break free of his chains. It was hopeless. His wrists were chafed raw. Lane released his hold on the bottle. He watched as it rocked back and forth as a result of the jerking anal muscles.

Dax's butt tried to shit out the bottle. There was too little lubricant, however, to do so. Most of the spit Lane had fed into the hole via his tongue had long since evaporated. The glass stuck to the bowel.

The bottle continued to bob like a cork on the high seas.

Lane walked around the side of the pool table. He stood where Dax could see him. Dax's eyes were wide and dilated. The young man's face was wet with sweat and spilled tears. His chin was drooled with saliva which had oozed from his mouth despite the leather pg.

"You think I'm tormenting you, you silly shit?" Lane asked. "If I'd really wanted, I would have jabbed my fist up your ass. You would have taken it, too. You, by your own admission, are a slave. A slave does what he's told to do. His body is not his. Every time you allow someone to tie you to a table, you put your life in someone else's hands. You gave your life to me. I decided not to kill you, not to maim you, not to rob you, not to fist-fuck you. None of those things. I decided merely to fuck your butt with a beer bottle and you start bawling like a fucking baby. Well, baby, let me tell you something. Don't play any games where you're not prepared to abide by the rules."

Lane put the flat of his right hand on Dax's shoulder. He wiped downward over the young man's back. A ridge of sweat rode up along the edge of his little finger. He dropped his hand down along the young man's thigh. He pushed in between the sweat-soaked flesh and the sweat soaked green felt of the pool table.

"Let me tell you something, you might not have realized," Lane said. "Your cock is still rock-hard." He closed his fingers around the bulged stalk of meat. He squeezed, his fingers pawing wet in the mess of continually leaking pre-seminal juices.

Dax suddenly realized that his cock was hard. Through it all, his cock hadn't even gone soft. Why? Shouldn't it have gone quickly flaccid if Dax had really been undergoing the torture he had imagined? Had Dax actually been tortured at all?

Dax suddenly felt very stupid. How big, after all, was the neck of this beer bottle? Dax had been all hot for Lane's cock and that would have been more than twice as big. Was his butt ripped? Was it even hurt? Oh, it was possibly a little bruised, a little battered, but that was only because Dax had snuggled so hard to keep the bottle out. You would have thought Dax had been trying to keep a watermelon from being rammed up his ass, what with all the fuss he'd been making.

"Yes, you stupid shit," Lane said, "you're hard. All those tears were just a fucking front. This cock tells the real stow."

Lane ran his hand up the length of swollen cock. He stroked down again toward the balls.

Dax raised his hips off the table. It suddenly felt damned good down there at his penis. The run of Lane's fingers were excruciatingly sensual.

Lane masturbated, watching Dax's ass dimple as the young man began to actually flick Lane's fist. The beer bottle still bobbled. The ass hole clamped in on the bottleneck with each dimpling of Dax's behind.

Lane hadn't really known that Dax's cock was going to be hard beneath the press of the young man's belly. But he'd had a good idea that it was going to be. Lane had been at this sort of thing for a long while now, and he could pretty well pick the naturals. Dax was a natural. With the right kind of training, Dax would have soon made a good slave. He would one day have possibly made an exciting master. However, it was doubtful Dax would ever realize his potential as either a slave or master. You very seldom made a good master unless you'd done your apprenticeship as a slave under expert guidance. Very few people got expert guidance. Lane didn't know for sure, but he doubted there were few people outside the very large

metropolitan areas who really knew the ins and outs of the bondage and discipline scene.

Dax couldn't believe the sudden pleasure he was deriving from just the feel of Lane's hand on his cock. All aspects of pain and agony had somehow melted away. Had they ever really existed? Even the bottle, still up his butt, was no longer causing discomfort. It added its own special unique pleasure to the boiling wave of ecstasy hastily rolling in to swallow Dax up.

Was it possible flax was coming? Jesus, was it really possible that after just mere seconds of simple masturbation flax was spilling his load?

It was true! Dax's balls were in eruption flax collapsed his lower body down hard against the pool table. His cock slid one final time through the tunnel formed by Lane's clenched fingers.

Beneath Dax's belly there was a flowering mess of creamy cum.

Lane couldn't help thinking that the felt was mined. He'd have to make sure to leave the kid enough money to take care of a new pool table cover – when he was through.

Lane wasn't through, yet. My God, no! He'd only just begun.

CHAPTER SIX

Lane pushed the restroom door open. There was a small hallway and then another door. His feet echoed on the marble floor.

"It's perfect," Karl had told him. "You can hear anyone coming the minute they're through the first door." Karl hadn't sampled the wares to be found in the third-floor john of the courthouse, but he'd gotten the word and had passed it on to Lane.

"It seems we're not the only queers in the legal system," Karl had laughed.

Lane pushed through the second door. The room was empty. He walked directly to the urinal. He unzipped his trousers. It took a bit of doing to pry his cock free. The cock was hard. It had been hard downstairs in the hallway, too. The kid had seen it. A good-looking kid, too. Lane had noticed the kid noticing. Lane had winked. The kid had blushed.

Lane had thought that was the end of it: a little harmless flirting. But the kid had gotten up from the bench he'd been sitting on and had started following. Lane had walked the two fights of stairs to the third floor. The kid had followed, always keeping at a safe distance. Lane had come into the men's restroom.

When Lane had stood by the urinal for a good two minutes, he wasn't surprised that there had been no sounds of the kid following this far. Probably, Lane had even been mistaking the youth's intentions. Most likely, Lane had just been doing some wishful thinking on his part. The kid was probably still too young to even know there were people walking around who were more than willing to suck on his cock.

But then, again, maybe not. Lane heard the outer door opening. He heard shoes echoing on the marble flooring. He stood so that the kid would be able to see what Lane had to offer the minute the youth stepped through the second door.

It wasn't the kid. It was a fairly attractive guy, probably in his early twenties. He was wearing a suit. He was likely a member of the minor bureaucracy who worked in the upstairs courthouse offices. Whoever the guy was, he saw what Lane had been intending to show the kid. Lane felt a little ridiculous. However, a moment of brief eye contact told Lane that the newcomer was probably even more interested in Lane's hard cock than the youngster would have been. This guy probably knew more, too, about what to do with another man's hard cock inches.

If the young man had been going to take a piss, he changed his mind. He went to one of the stilt cubicles. He fished into his pocket for a dime. He put the coin in the lock and opened the door. He turned toward Lane, making it obvious without speaking that he'd liked what he'd seen. He was pulling down his pants when the door came shut behind him. Lane didn't go to the bother of stuffing his hard cock back in his pants. He found a dime in his suit coat pocket and walked over to the cubicle next to the one already occupied.

The lock released and Lane pulled open the door and stepped in. Someone had gone to a great deal of care in fashioning a smooth-edged glory hole through which even the biggest cock and accompanying balls would have fit nicely.

Lane took off his coat and hung it on the hook on the door. He turned back to the glory hole. A long, pink tongue was already flicking through it. Whoever the young guy was, he sure as hell didn't waste any time. Lane decided not to waste any, either. Lane pulled his cock down from his belly. He aimed his cock head toward the opening. He walked into the tongue, the tongue still being jabbed through to

Lane's side of the dividing partition. Slowly the tongue receded and Lane followed his cock close on its trail. As if the wall were an ass, the glory hole the butt pucker, Lane's cock penetrated. The cock sunk in to its nuts.

By raising slightly on the balls of his feet Lane was able to feed his scrotum through the hole, too. He leaned back at his waist, pressing his hips forward. His lower belly mashed against the cool metal of the divider.

The mouth on the other side was right there to greet the cock fucked through the hole. Lips went quickly to the head of the cock, ovaled around the cock head. There was a suction that pulled the cock into the mouth beyond the lips. The cock corona struck the hardness of a mouth roof. It slid along the bony palate and into the opening of the throat. It was warm beyond the opening of the mouth. It was wet with oozing saliva.

Whoever it was on the other end of Lane's cock, he wasn't new to sucking penis. The guy was a real pro. Lane could tell. This made missing out on the young kid well worth it. Sucking young cock was always fun, but whether or not it beat getting his own cock sucked by an expert cocksucker was certainly up for debate.

Once the mouth had begun to swallow, there was no pause, no gagging. Everything was smooth and easy. The cock glands slipped deep into the hugging throat, followed immediately by inch after inch of Lane's cock. If the partition between the mouth and the cock roots had been removed, even more of the cock could have just as easily been sucked away. That was quite an achievement, considering the more than ample dimensions Lane had to offer.

The cocksucker didn't wait any great length of time even after he'd swallowed the cock to its base. He moved almost immediately into

an upward drag of his taut ups along the cock shaft. His teeth were expertly shielded behind protecting lips. The milking made pre-seminal juices leak from the meat us of Lane's cock.

The mouth again sucked up to the fat cock head. The tongue rolled around the rubber helmet-shaped glands. The cocksucker's head once again fell forward. Once at rock bottom, he pulled up again.

Lane felt fingers on his balls. The guy wasn't neglecting those, either. He squeezed the testicles, pinched them, rolled them. The ache that arose as a result of his attack on Lane's gonads was expertly controlled. The paining never grew to such a state of discomfort that it overpowered the simultaneous pleasure.

Yes, by God, this cocksucker knew what he was about! Karl had obviously been right. There were indeed more queers in the legal system besides he and Lane. Lane put his hands to the back of his thighs. With his hips thrust forward as they were, he now had better balance. He revolved his ass, stirring his cock up the hole he could feel but not see. The mouth slipped again to the cock tip. The heavy tongue wiped the pulpy cock crown. Down the lips went. Up. Down. The cock was slicked with juicy spit. The tongue caressed the submerged cock meat, coaxing out more pre-cum juice. The juice was then sucked away.

The ovaled lips gummed the base of Lane's cock. A sucking pulled the cock even deeper into the warmth. A vacuuming tugged, seeming to stretch the cock neck even longer than it already was.

The guy sucking the cock pulled his head upward. He watched as Lane's cock slipped free, inch by thick inch. The cock was enormous. He'd seen that the minute he'd stepped through the door. What a stroke of luck that he'd chosen that moment to come take a piss.

How many pines had he had to take before lucking out on this bonanza?

The cocksucker had swung on a lot of cock in his time. It wasn't very often he got a mouthful quite as filling as this one. Lane wasn't ugly, either. Quite the opposite. He was so good-looking; it made one wonder how any one person could have lucked out with so much going for him.

The cocksucker once again felt the flaring of the cock head against the inside of his posed lips. He held just the glands enclosed within the warmth. His cheeks collapsed inward on the knob. His cheeks fluttered, continued to vibrate as he bowed to take up the visible inches of the cock neck.

There was the sound of the outside door opening there was the sound of footsteps on the marble flooring. Lane made no move to pull his cock free of the hole. The mouth over the cock made no move to pull away. Why should either man interrupt what was so obviously pleasurable to the both of them? Besides, they were relatively safe behind closed doom. It wasn't as if Lane was getting his cock sucked off over the urinal.

The inside door opened. The footsteps paused just inside the doorway.

Lane didn't know why, but knowing someone was just beyond the cubicle increased his pleasure. Here he was about to feed his cream to a watery mouth. Just a few feet away was some unsuspecting dude about to feed his piss into the watery mouth of the urinal.

The cocksucker began working faster. Lane actually felt a groaning of pleasure forming on his lips. He held it back. It wouldn't do to start

grunting like a stuck pig at this stage of the game. That might call too much attention to what was going on.

Lane realized quite suddenly that the suck wasn't a completely silent operation even as it then stood. There were small slurping noises that were distinctly sexual. There were sounds of suction which could hardly be associated with much else except a mouth over hard cock. If Lane could hear them, then the chances were very good that whoever was pissing at the urinal could hear them, too.

Did that discovery disturb Lane? It probably should have. After all, being discovered with his cock up a mouth in a courthouse john wasn't exactly the best thing that could happen to someone in the law profession. It could have had embarrassing repercussions. Of course, hearing noises was one thing. Imagining the truth was another. Proving for a fact was something else again. Lane felt safe enough to keep his cock right where it was. It just felt too damned good there to worry too much about sticking it anywhere else, even back in his pants. Besides, the guy at the urinal wasn't in any apparent hurry to vacate the premises. Maybe he got his rocks off by listening to the sexual slurping coming from the toilet stalls. For all Lane knew, the guy was doing more than just holding his cock inches delicately poised over the porcelain trough. Maybe he was already beating his meat.

Once again the hungry mouth had sucked up the neck of Lane's cock and then spit it up again. The bouncing head hadn't missed a beat. Spit drooled from between the compressed lips and Lane's cock. The saliva leaked down the shaft of the cock. The cocksucker dove deeply to overtake the liquid flow.

Lane sensuously revolved his hips, his lower belly grinding against the metal partition. Lane was beginning to wish there was no wall between him and this head. He would have liked to grab the cock-

sucker by his ears and really screw the head down over the thick cock.

Lane recognized the familiar tenseness growing within his body. His cock in that mouth was throbbing now in its preparations for explosion. Lane could feel the additional swelling of his cock against the lips and the tongue.

Whoever was at the urinal was on the move. He wasn't heading back to the door, either. Lane heard the footsteps pause just outside his cubicle; through the crack connecting the door hinges Lane could see a thin slice of the man standing outside. Maybe, at any minute, a quick judo kick would break the lack and knock down the door, revealing Lane in all his face-fucking splendor.

The man outside moved. His footsteps took him to the stall next door. Maybe he was vice and thought it was better to catch the sucker instead of the suckee.

The head over the cock kept up its regular momentum. The lips masturbated the cock neck. The hot tongue lapped. The throat muscles vibrated. The footsteps moved on down the row of stalls. There was the distinct sound of another dime in the lock mechanism. Maybe the guy was a watch queen. Was there a hole in the wall that adjoined the next stall with the one beyond it? Would the guy go in, sit on the pot, stick his eye to the peephole and watch the head swallowing Lane's cock? How would it look? Would the guy have a good view or would all he see be the back of some cocksucker's bobbing head? The young man sucking Lane's cock had eaten penis enough times to read the signs of upcoming eruption in this one. He had Lane's orgasm timed almost to the second. He pushed his face down deep aver the cock. He left himself anchored there. He sucked harder. His cheeks concaved. His throat muscles collapsed inward on the plugging cock meat.

Lane's penis was as totally engulfed in the womb of wet-warm softness as it could possibly be in the present positioning. The face corkscrewed around Lane's cock. The resulting friction was just the little push the cock needed to send Lane over the edge. Lane's fingers clamped hard into the backs of his thighs. He pounds his lower belly hard into the metal separating wall.

Lane's cock blasted. It spewed a healthy mess of spunk that should have surprised any sucking face, but apparently didn't even phase this one. All that Lane was feeding, the vacuuming hole was siphoning up. It was wild!

"Jesuuuus!" Lane hissed. He couldn't help the voicing. It just slipped out. At the same time it felt as if his whole insides were slipping out through the small piss hole in the head of his penis.

Lane's pleasure peaked and then leveled off. He left his cock through the hole for the mouth and tongue to clean up. The head of his cock had grown supersensitive. He found himself moaning when the tongue lingered overly long at the glands doing its mop-up. Finally, Lane pulled free. The mouth seemed reluctant to let the cock go, but it finally did. The spit-cleaned cock returned through the glory hole, slicked and shiny with saliva. Lane stuffed his cock back in his trousers and zipped up his fly. He reached for his coat and put it on. He was about to exit, but he heard a small grunt coming from next door. He glanced toward the glory hole, but he could see no sign of any movement.

The temptation was just too great to resist. He sat don on the toilet and moved one eye toward the hole his cock and balls had so recently stuffed. He found himself with an uninterrupted view of the next cubicle. The stall was still occupied. The guy was standing. His pants were down. His butt was backed up against the far partition. From the way he was pushing his ass backwards in small grinding movement, from the intense expression registered on his handsome

face, it was obvious he was working his butt down over someone's cock. Lane could easily picture the glory hole in the far wall now filled with some guy's hard cock. The cock had probably gotten hard when its owner had realized what was going on in the stalls. He'd gone next door to take a peek. He'd gotten an eyeful. When he'd seen the young man take his mouthful, the newcomer had plugged his own cock through his glory hole.

The cocksucker, having seen this new cock, had apparently decided that it was just what his ass had ordered. He'd stood up, spread his buns, and was now backing up over the plug. Lane had a good view of the young guy's cock. It was hard. By its puffy redness, it was obvious it had been getting its own share of beating. As Lane watched, the young man took hold of the dick up jutting from between his own legs and began pumping it. Simultaneously the guy began pumping his ass over the cock stuck to its limits through the hole in the metal partition. If he realized Lane was now watching, he didn't much seem to give a damn.

God, but Karl didn't know just how active this john was. Lane didn't know whether to tell him or not. Still, Karl backed up against a glory hole, supporting himself on two crutches, would have been one hell of a sight to see.

Even Karl out of his casts would have been hard pressed to put on the show this young guy was putting on. He seemed just as skilled at masturbating cock with his ass and hand as he had been in masturbating it with his mouth. He'd quickly taken up a rolling cadence. The forward hump of his hips pulled his ass up along the cock neck and jabbed his cock into his fisted hand. The backward grind of the young guy's lower body drove his butt deep over the cock and drew his cock back through the tunnel offered by his gripping fingers.

The guy getting fucked had his coat off and had hung it on the back of the cubicle door. He still wore his tie, but it was loosened at the

knot. The top button of his shirt was unfastened. His shirt was long, but he'd pulled it up in back to uncover his ass for the sticking. His thick cock protruded through the spilt in the shirtfront. The cock wasn't an overly large one, but its owner seemed to know how to treat it right. The young man's thighs were covered with a light brown hair. He had a pair of decidedly knobby knees, but few people were perfect.

All in all, the guy getting his butt plugged presented a fairly erotic scene. Lane would have found it even more of a turn-on if he hadn't just shot his wad but seconds before. Still, Lane had always been quick on the recovery. He checked his wristwatch. Unfortunately, he didn't have time to spend any more time in the john. The trial was out on only a short recess. It had probably already started up without him.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Porter had been testifying. He'd been right in the middle of his story.

Porter hadn't been scheduled to testify until the next afternoon. However, the trial was moving ahead of schedule. They'd called him during a short recess and asked if he could come down early. Shortly after he'd arrived, the trial had reconvened. They'd immediately called Porter to the witness stand. The prosecuting attorney had asked Porter to tell what had happened the night of Clarence Williamson's murder. Porter had begun. His car had been one of three black and whites which had ended up at the Williamson estate on the night of the double murder. The courtroom door had opened. The room was already full of people, but whoever it was at the door obviously had more than a little clout. He was allowed to come in. Porter was concentrating on getting his facts correct. He wasn't paying too much attention to the newcomer.

"Officer Clayborne and Howe were already on the premises when we arrived," Porter said. The new arrival came all the way don the aisle. He was admitted through the small wooden gate that separated the case principals from the sightseers. Porter glanced in the newcomer's direction. The man had taken a seat next to Karl Nathaniel. He was whispering something to the defense lawyer. The bottom dropped out of Porter's belly.

"Lieutenant Conklin?" It was the prosecutor. Porter had suddenly stopped talking in midstream. Porter turned his attention back to the man trying to put Clarence Williamson behind bars. Porter could feel the curious eyes of the audience focused on him. He could feel Karl Nathaniel's eyes drawn to Porter by the pregnant pause, like iron to a magnet. With Karl Nathaniel's shift of attention Porter could feel those other set of eyes on him, too. They were black eyes, without

determinable depth. Porter knew them well without looking at them now.

“Lieutenant Conklin?”

“I’m sorry,” Porter apologized. He continued his story. He finished it. Both the prosecuting attorney and then Karl Nathaniel asked him for a few points of clarification. Porter obliged them in a controlled monotone. It was all basic information, nothing very exciting. The trial was still in its early stages. These early witnesses were doing nothing more than laying down the groundwork for all that would come later.

Porter was dismissed. He was told he might possibly be recalled at another time. Porter stepped down. He walked through the swinging gate, up the aisle. The door at the end appeared to be at the far side of a very long tunnel. After what seemed forever, the door finally opened. Porter stepped through it and into the hallway beyond. The door shut behind him. He walked down the hall. He was sweating. He could feel the stickiness at his armpits beginning to drool down his sides. He stopped. He turned back toward the door. It was closed. It would soon open. Porter knew it would open. It was something he could feel in his bones. He could run. Did he want to run? He could probably slip into one of the rooms lining the hallway. Surely they couldn’t all be in use. But did he really want to bide at all?

And the door did open, just as Porter had known it would. Lane stepped from the courtroom and into the hallway. The door closed behind him. He walked toward Porter and stopped just three feet in front of him.

“Porter?” Lane asked. “My God, Porter Conklin?” Less than an hour later they were in Lane’s hotel room. Naked. In bed. Preparing to

suck each other's cock. Porter was on his back. He was looking upward at the cock above him. The cock hadn't changed. Was that possible? Did a cock remain the same for sixteen years? Lane certainly hadn't changed. He looked just like he'd looked in college. Oh, maybe he was a little changed, but Porter had no problems recognizing him. None at all.

Porter watched the way Lane's testicles moved within the sac of hanging scrotum, big balls! Porter remembered them that way. Furred with black hair. He remembered the wiry scratch of that hair on the inside of his cheeks.

God, it seemed just like yesterday. Yesterday, though, was years before.

Lane, meanwhile, had pried Porter's cock up from the man's belly. He looked down on it, remembering it as he'd seen it in college. He let the cock neck drop back to Porter's stomach. He bowed his lips to Porter's blond-haired nuts. He licked the scrotum. He lapped upward along the underside of the cock.

Porter shuddered with the resulting pleasure. He reached a hand up and took hold of Lane's testicles. As he fondled the goods, the sac began to contract noticeably, jerking its contents upward toward the base of the cock.

With his other hand, Porter reached for the cock. He felt its hard stiffness against his fingers. It felt warm. It felt velvety.

Even as Porter was pulling the cock down, getting ready to take his first taste of this penis in sixteen years, he was ashamed of the desires which had brought him there. By being on this bed, he had cancelled out the last sixteen years of his life, made them worthless ex-

ercises in futility. Everything he'd accomplished or thought he'd accomplished was proved the farce it was.

Why had it come to this? Something might still have been salvaged if the two of them had never crawled back in bed. Why couldn't they just have met and gone for drinks? Why couldn't they have acted like two long-lost heterosexual friends?

Was it because they weren't heterosexuals? Was it because they had always been more than just mere friends? Could Porter have saved himself by pulling out now, jumping out of the bed at this last minute? No. He was realistic enough to see that doing that would prove nothing. The physical act itself wasn't really the proof of the pudding. The real problem was the gut feeling he had now in his belly. It was the same gut feeling he'd had when he'd seen Lane again there in the courtroom. That feeling now told Porter that whether he sucked Lane's cock or not, the desire to do so was still with him, still there after all these years. He hadn't been able to suppress it. It had survived a heterosexual marriage and the birth of a son. And what, Porter wondered, was Lane thinking? Lane hadn't even mentioned the circumstances under which they'd parted company those sixteen years before. Neither had mentioned it. It would have to be mentioned eventually. And how did Porter make explanations when he was here now? How could Porter explain sufficiently to Lane what wasn't adequately clear even to himself?

Once Lane's cock had been yanked downward its corona almost touched Porter's awaiting lips. Porter reached for a pillow. He propped it beneath his head. Lane's hard cock head drug along the side of Porter's cheek. It left a trailing of clear pre-seminal love juice. The liquid would be oily on Porter's tongue. It would taste vaguely of salt. Porter opened his mouth. He took in the cock glands. He closed his lips in about the flared base of the corona. He sucked, tasting the flavors of Lane's body. Lane was still licking the belly of Porter's

cock. His tongue washed the flat expanse of warm flesh. He felt the throb of the hard cock meat.

Lane still couldn't believe what had happened. How strange it had been to look up curiously in that crowded courtroom and suddenly find himself being smothered beneath an onslaught of memories conjured from the past. At first he hadn't comprehended it was actually Porter Conklin up there on the stand. How could he have possibly associated the Porter he'd known with the man in the blue policeman's uniform? Porter hadn't been a police officer when Lane had known him. All of that had come afterwards.

How strange that without really saying much of anything, they had mutually agreed that they would go to bed. How strange that after sixteen years of no contact whatsoever, they were again feasting on each other's body. And it was suddenly just like yesterday. Lane could almost hear the hounds of the college campus outside the hotel window. An important piece of Lane, long since lost, was suddenly returned to him. Lane wasn't too sure he welcomed its reappearance. He had adjusted himself to its being missing. Could anything come of this now except additional heartache? Granted, Lane was older now, but was he really too old to be invulnerable to certain emotions?

Lane put his chin into the muscle of Porter's belly. He aligned his mouth to the cock head. He vacuumed the corona to his lips. He licked the meat, stealing from it the clear juices pooled there. He sucked, swallowing up the glands. He scooted his head forward. He worked his lips deeper over the cock stalk. Between Lane's legs Porter had pulled his face up deep into Lane's groin. Porter's nose was pressed into the large scrotum. His chin was burrowed into the dark strands of wiry pubic hair. Porter's hands had crawled around Lane's hips. They'd opened and then anchored into the muscular globes of Lane's ass. Porter's hold gave him the leverage he needed to keep his face secured over Lane's hard cock. Porter hadn't

gagged. He'd gagged the first time he'd taken this cock. He'd even gagged the second and third time. He remembered. But after those flint few times the eating had come easily. Was there no choking now because Porter had sucked so many cocks, or did he actually remember how it was with this particular piece of male meat? Porter let his lips slip down toward the cock head. He watched, faintly cross-eyed, as the inch after inch of cock pulled free.

Yes, for Porter the cock was familiar. He still knew the feel of it on his lips and tongue. He knew the taste of it in his mouth and throat. He knew it just as well as he knew the body it was attached to. He knew each and every crease and crevice from Lane's head to the bottoms of Lane's feet.

Had Lane changed? No, not to Porter. Ta Porter, Lane had looked just about the same sitting at the table with Karl Nathaniel as he'd looked sixteen years ago. He looked the same as he'd looked eighteen years ago when Porter had first met him. Lane had been sitting cross-legged beside Jerry Clarke on one of the exercise mats in the gym. Porter could remember seeing evidence of Lane's jockstrap within the leg hole of Lane's gym shorts. Porter had been embarrassed when Lane had noticed the direction of Porter's gaze. Lane had only smiled his amusement.

Porter now pulled his face back up the hard cock. He was back at the balls and the black pubic hair. He smelled the man smells. Lane smelled clean. He'd always smelled clean.

Lane had smelled clean that day in the shower. Porter had thought the showers were empty. He'd walked in just as Lane tad twisted the vain to start the water at one shower. That smile! That body! Porter's cock had started to go hard right then and there. He'd been too embarrassed to stay, too embarrassed to run. But Lane had pretended to take no notice. Lane had taken a bar of soap, lathered a mess of suds into the black hair covering his muscular chest.

Lane had had an exceptional body then. He still had it. Porter had always imagined – on those few rare occasions he'd even allowed himself any thought of Lane that the years would have seen Lane turn to pot. So many people did fall apart with the advent of middle age. Porter had been an exception. But Porter had kept up the physical training. His job required him to be in top shape at all times.

Would it have been any different if Lane had turned into a pot-bellied, middle-aged man? Would it have been different if he'd now had thinning hair, a double chin, a flabby ass? Yes. Oh God, yes!

Lane's dark muscular looks were an attractive contrast to Porter's muscled blond ones. Lane's chest and belly were covered with a furring of black hair. His pubic bush was an even thicker growth around the base of his fat cock. There was a run of the black hair down the crease of Lane's butt. The man's thighs were covered with more. So were his balls.

But beneath the hair there was muscle minus any excess fat. There were domed pectorals, wash boarded abdominals. His biceps were large bulges. His flesh was tanned. His cock was big. His cock was luscious.

Porter let his face pull once more over the big, luscious cock. His ovaled lips gummed the cock base. He corkscrewed his face over the mouthful. The wringed cock neck oozed more juices, which mingled with the spit enclosing the man's cock within its sticky, wet warm womb. Lane growled his pleasure over Porter's cock. He ran his face deeper over Porter's pain. He buried the cock glands low in his neck.

Lane worked his hands don beneath Porter's ass. His fingers slid into the ass crease. Lane searched for the pucker. He found it, im-

mediately poking for an entrance. The sphincter protested but yielded.

Porter was again riding upward on Lane's cock. The finger up his ass made him even more anxious to have at Lane's cock meat. His tongue whipped the spit-drenched cock. He gave the hair stream cock roots another expert gumming. His mouth was stretched so wide that it actually ached along its corners.

Each man's cock got stiffer. Each man's mouth coincided its cadence with the other's lips on hard cock. Gliding momentum brought faces up and then dawn over hard cocks. When Porter's mouth was sucked up to the fat roots of Lane's cock, Lane's mouth was trouping around the thick base of Porter's cock.

Lane sucked. His fingers twisted up Porter's butt. With each movement Lane made, he was acutely aware of what Porter's rubbery lips were doing to their prize.

Sixteen years gone by had certainly not made it impassible to enjoy each other's body. But then, the mutual enjoyment had always been easy for them, hadn't it? That had been the problem. For Porter it was still part of the problem. Lane munched Porter's cock tubing down to the sprouting of the cum-filled balls. He tasted a new deluge of salt on his tongue.

It wasn't destined to be too much longer before either of them orgasmed. Each man was good at giving head. They'd sucked each other's meat so often in college that not even a sixteen-year lapse could make them too long rusty.

Oh God, it was good! It was so fucking, fucking good! It had been good sixteen years ago. It was good now. And what time they had wasted. What time Porter had wasted for them.

There were more sidings of the wet-warm mouths over the long, hard cocks. Each man was now trying to compare his accumulated pleasure with that buildup inside his partner. They were both working toward a mutual orgasm. They each wanted to give cum and receive it simultaneously. They'd been able to do that once. It suddenly became important that they should be able to do it again.

Taut lips scraped cock poles. Suctioning mouths pushed loose outer folds of skin up and down around hard inner cock cores. Over and back. Over and back.

Lane pulled up the cock neck, corkscrewing his head as he did so. His finger dug deeper up Porter's tight bowel. He sucked. He finger fucked. He was sucked. It all came together in a well coordinated rhythm.

The reality faded. For a moment it was possible to imagine it was sixteen years ago. They were again in their twenties. They were again in college. They were again eating while knowing there were years and years ahead of them for even more of the same thing. Porter panted. His groans were echoed by those Lane squealed in accompaniment.

Porter's nuts blew. His hips came thrusting up from the bed, his cock spearing Lane's mouth. Lane's face dropped down over Porter's cock. Lane's lower body collapsed over Porter's face. Lane's cock dropped deep up Porter's sucking throat. Porter fed Lane. Lane fed Porter. The two men rolled on the bed, sucking up and spewing out goodness. Wave after wave of undulating pleasure washed over them. The ecstasy seemed to go on and on. Even when it should have been over it continued to jerk and spasm the united bodies. The overwhelming orgasm didn't make up for the sixteen years lost, but it was better than no sexual reunion at all.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Why did Lane smile? Why did he wink? Was it because he'd missed out on the kid once before and thought to try for seconds? Yes, that was partly it. But there was more. Lane wanted to prove to himself that he wasn't letting Porter come to monopolize him as he'd once done. Lane didn't want to fall into that trap again. It was good having Porter back in his life for no matter how long. But Lane was determined to keep this reunion in its proper perspective. Getting together again with Porter offered possibilities of some good sex. Porter, though, as Lane kept telling himself, wasn't the only fish in the ocean. Nor, as Lane now looked back on the trauma of sixteen years ago, had Porter ever been.

Lane was still a little uncertain why Porter had so swiftly and so completely severed their relationship sixteen years before. Lane suspected a tremendous guilt complex was involved, the typical I'm-queer-but-I-don't-want-to-be syndrome. But Porter obviously still didn't want to talk about it. Lane didn't press for explanations. Lane tried to give the impression that after sixteen years it really didn't make any difference one way or the other. But damn it, it did!

Lane had gone several times back to the john on the third floor of the courthouse. He'd been disappointed a couple of times, having to content himself with a piss once and a shit and piss the second time. He'd lucked out, though, a couple of other times. One of those times had been a rematch with the guy in the suit. This time Lane had fucked him. It had been good sex. Na way was Lane going to get hung up on Porter to the exclusion of sex with others.

Lane had been walking down the steps of the courthouse en route to the parking lot to get his rented car. The kid was sitting on the large granite balustrade just behind a large sculptured lion. Lane recognized him immediately. Obviously the recognition was mutual. The

kid blushed. Lane almost said something but didn't. He figured his smile and wink probably said it all. It had been all he'd needed to uproot the kid the first time. He decided to see what it would do now.

The kid got up and followed.

Lane moved slowly. There was no hurry. He didn't want to spook the kid. The youth looked even younger than Lane remembered. Had Lane ever been that young? If so, it was a damned long time ago.

Lane turned into the lot. He located his car and headed for it.

The kid followed.

Lane reached his car and unlocked it. He got in, shutting the door behind him. The kid seemed a little uncertain what to do now. He stopped. He looked behind him, then back at Lane. Lane leaned over in the seat. He took hold of the door handle on the passenger side. He pushed open the door. He waited. The moment of truth was now.

The kid still looked confused. He made two steps in the direction of the car. He stopped. He made three steps backwards.

Lane waited quietly. He knew any sudden moves now might possibly freak the kid out. The youngster was definitely not a hustler. Not that Lane had anything against hustlers. That would have been a bit hypocritical, since he'd more than once sold his body to a high bidder.

After a couple of minutes the youth finally took more steps toward the car than he did away from it. Lane took that as encouragement enough to start the engine.

The kid turned as if to return to the courthouse. He then did a sudden about-face. Without looking at Lane the kid walked to the car and got in. He pulled the door shut behind him. He still didn't look at Lane. He looked straight ahead, through the car windshield.

Young. Very young. Lane thought that as he looked at what he'd been courting. The kid looked scared. The boy was obviously a novice. His first time? He was breathing hard.

"Where to?" Lane asked.

The kid shrugged.

Lane put the car in drive. He left the parking area moving out into the traffic of the street. He made a right turn. It didn't make much difference where he went right away. What was important was just to get the car in motion, try and put the kid at ease.

Lane definitely liked the boy's looks. The kid was blond. Lane had always been partial to blonds. The boy had a strikingly handsome face. He looked like he had a body pretty well developed for his young age. If the bulge at the youngster's crotch was a good indication of what the pants were hiding down there, the boy was pretty well developed in the cock department, too.

"My name is Lane," Lane said after a few minutes. He then waited through a few more moments of silence.

"Mine is Mat. Mat Peters," Mat said, lying about his last name. Spending so much time around the courthouse Lane just might have been familiar with Mat's dad. What in God's name was Mat getting himself into?

Whatever it was, Mat hadn't gotten there without some preplanning. Actually, what was happening now should have happened in the upstairs john in the courthouse. Mat had chickened out then, though. Lane had gone in, and Mat just hadn't had the guts to follow him. Mat almost hadn't had the guts to walk the distance to this car and get in, either. He still wasn't sure he'd actually done it.

"Shouldn't you be in school?" Lane asked. He figured some small talk was in order. He didn't want Mat to think that they had to immediately get down to unzipping each other's trousers.

"Summer vacation started Monday," Mat answered.

Mat sneaked his first real look at Lane since he'd gotten into the car. The result of that look was an exciting, thrilling sensation that ran from the base of his neck to his toes. Mat had never, never, seen any man as handsome as this guy was.

"You were smart not to come on into the restroom that day," Lane said. "It's really not the safest place for two people to have sex."

A thrill ran down the length of Mat's spine. It hardly seemed possible that Lane had remembered. Lane had gone to the restroom that time in the hopes that Mat would follow him in for sex. If Mat would have gone in, what would have happened? Would he have still been here now in Lane's car?

"Nervous?" Lane asked finally.

"Yes," Mat admitted. Why not admit it? It was obvious anyway, wasn't it? "Are you always this nervous?" Lane asked. He couldn't help wondering again how many times Mat had done something like this. Once? Twice? None?

“No, not always,” Mat replied cryptically. They’d been driving for quite some time. Lane had thoughts of heading to his hotel, but he wasn’t yet sure Mat wouldn’t speak. Inexperienced kids had to be handled with kid gloves. They took a lot of care, a lot of guidance. The effort, though, was usually well worth the effort.

“What do you say we go to a park or something?” Lane asked. “Is there a park around here somewhere close?”

“A park?” Mat asked nervously. He was always hearing about things happening in parks. All sorts of things. Rapes, murder.

“Someplace private where we can talk,” Lane said, “Maybe get better acquainted.”

“Frazier Park,” Mat said.

“Why don’t we drive there, then?” Lane suggested.

“What about your place? Wouldn’t that be better than a park?”

“I’m staying in a hotel,” Lane said. “That can be a bit sticky sometimes. But if you’d rather, we can still go there.”

“No,” Mat said, having second thoughts. “Frazier Park is okay. Make a right up here.”

What difference did it make whether it was in a park or a hotel room? Mat was just anxious for it to happen somewhere.

Rape? Murder? Neither of those seemed likely under the existing set of circumstances. It had been Mat, after all, who had picked up Lane, not vice versa. Lane hadn’t come up offering a lollipop or piece of

candy. Mat had actually laid in wait until Lane had showed up. Besides, Lane didn't look like a rapist.

Rapists only look handsome in the movies. That's what Porter had said one night when watching a television program. In real life they're often too ugly to get a girl unless they do rape her.

Lane wouldn't have had the least problem getting a girl. Mat could tell. Anyway, in all the movies Mat had ever seen, men like Lane had the broads crawling all over them. Mat felt just a little pleased that it was him and not some woman here now with Lane in the car.

"Make a left here," Mat said. Lane waited for the green light and then turned. They were now in a residential area and Lane could see evidence of the park trees ahead.

"Frazier Park?"

"Yeah," Mat answered. Frazier Park was convenient for another reason. It wasn't all that far from where Mat lived. Granted, it covered a lot of acreage but Mat would have a pretty good idea how to get home just in case he had to make it on foot and by himself.

Lane pulled the car onto the road running parallel to the park. After awhile he pulled over to the curb and stopped.

"Shall we get out and stretch?"

"Sure," Mat said. He opened the door and get out. They walked. Lane knew the spot he was looking for. It would have enough concealment to protect them from prying eyes. It wouldn't be so dense in underbrush that a paranoid youngster would have visions of it being a perfect place to hide his corpse. It would ideally let Lane see people coming before the people could see him.

There were people in the park, but most of them were off in the distance. Most adults were at work. Most kids preferred the play area.

“Over there,” Mat said, pointing to a small rise covered with trees and shrubs. “During the weekend guys bring their girl friends here to neck.”

“And on weekdays?” Lane asked. He’d been eyeing the locale himself.

“It’s usually deserted,” Mat said.

Near the top of the bill, beneath what was really a tree but looked more like a giant bush, Lane stopped. Mat stopped, too.

“How many times have you done this sort of thing, Mat?” Lane asked, his curiosity finally getting the best of him.

What would Lane say if Mat told him the truth? Would Lane tell him to come back in a few years when he’d gotten a little experience under his belt?

“Does it make a difference?” Mat asked evasively.

“Not to me,” Lane said, leaning his back against the trunk of the tree. They’d come far enough. This place was as good as any, better than most of the other outdoor locales Lane had ever had sex in. He folded his arms across his chest.

Mat sat down on the grass. He didn’t look at Lane. He looked, instead, at a hangnail on his right forefinger.

“I don’t like girls,” Mat said.

“Generally or sexually?” Lane asked.

“Sexually,” Lane answered. He pulled the piece of ripping flesh on his finger, using his teeth. He somehow enjoyed the resulting pain.

“Have you ever fucked one?”

Mat looked up briefly, then he went back to his hand. He hadn’t expected the second degree treatment. He didn’t really know what he had expected. How did two men meet and finally end up having sex? How did one get from a meeting on the courthouse steps to a naked embracing of male flesh?

“Maybe you shouldn’t knock cunt until you’ve tried it,” Lane said.

“And maybe you’re right,” Mat said. He got to his feet. “See you around, huh?”

Mat started to walk away. He didn’t get very far. Not that Lane came running after him or even said anything to stop him. Quite to the contrary. When Mat stopped and turned back to Lane on his own, Lane was still leaning against the tree like he had been.

“I don’t want a girl,” Mat said. Why in the hell did he feel as if he were going to burst into tears? He didn’t know what he’d expected, but it sure as hell wasn’t this.

“Come here, Mat,” Lane said.

CHAPTER NINE

Mat didn't move immediately, but he did eventually. He walked to Lane, stood in front of him. He felt the tears hot in his eyes. He mentally commanded them to stay where they were. They didn't obey. They rolled down over his cheeks. He could have died from embarrassment.

"I don't want a girl," Mat said. His voice caught in his throat. It came out an octave higher than usual. "I want you."

"And I want you. I wanted you in that crummy courthouse toilet. I want you even more now, here, at this moment. But you're young and impressionable. Something you do now, especially if it's the wrong thing for you personally, is liable to screw you up later. You've got to be sure about some things in your life, and this is one of them, especially if this is your first time. And it is your first time, isn't it?"

"I want you," Mat said again.

Lane raised his right hand slowly to Mat's face. His fingers slipped into the boy's silky blond hair. His palm covered the boy's ear. His thumb rested lightly along the youth's jaw. "You are very young and very handsome," Lane said. "I should really take you back to the car right now and haul your ass off to your mother."

"My mother is dead," Mat said.

"Then I guess I won't be able to do that, will I?" Mat said, thinking the dead mother was probably an out-and-out lie.

"No, you won't," Mat said. For once he found he was glad his mother wasn't back at the house, waiting to question him as to where he'd

been and what he'd been doing. Was that thought so horrible?

Lane put his other hand to Mat's face.

Lane dropped slowly to his knees. He drug his hands down along the boy's shoulders, along the boy's arms. He let his fingers glide around the kid's young ass. It was a nice butt, firm beneath the jeans that covered it. Each bun fit nicely in the palm of his hand.

Lane brought his hands from Mat's ass. He moved his fingers to the top button of the boy's shirt. He unbuttoned the top button. The boy's flesh was warm beneath the cloth, warm against Lane's fingertips. Lane could feel the tremors racing just below the hairless flesh.

Lane unbuttoned the second button, then the third. He lowered his face into the opening formed by the gaping material. He ran his tongue along the bared skin, along the crease that would one day deepen to separate muscular pectorals.

The last button unfastened, Lane pulled the shirttail free of Mat's pants. He kissed first one of the boy's nipples and then the other. He tongued them both until they hardened like small tacks.

Mat wore no belt. Lane went right from unbuttoning the shirt to unbuttoning Mat's pants. There were five buttons holding together the fly. Lane undid each one slowly, taking his time, enjoying the experience.

Along the back of his hand Lane could feel the hardness of Mat's healthy young cock hidden in the confining white cotton under shorts.

Mat had placed his hands first on Lane's head, his fingers in the man's black hair. He'd then dropped them down to Lane's shoulders.

Mat was aware of the powerful muscle just beneath the suit coat and the shirt. His fingers clutched helplessly as Lane's hands finished with the last button, as Lane's warm mouth kissed Mat's bare chest and belly.

Mat ran his palms into the breach of Mat's shirt. He wrapped the boy's small waist with his hands, thumbs hooking hipbones, the flat of Lane's fingers along the boy's back. Lane worked his fingertips beneath the trouser and underpants waistbands.

Mat trembled noticeably as he felt his shorts and pants being stripped away from his lower body. The sensuous glide of the material over the belly of his hard cock was especially exciting.

"Beautiful," Lane said, seeing Mat's eight inches finally unveiled. He let the boy's pants fall down around Mat's ankles, Lane's hands back on the boy's hips. There it was, right before Lane's face: a fifteen-year-old cherry cock. It looked mighty good. It looked overly large for a kid Mat's age, but it would undoubtedly get into proper perspective as the rest of Mat got bigger. By God, this kid was in for some good times, looking like he did, having the cock that he had. The circumcised cock was topped by its pulpy corona. The cock neck flowed downward to a thick anchorage against the blond hair on Mat's lower belly. The balls were good-sized ones, held securely in a bag of shifting skin.

Lane wrapped the neck of the cock with one hand. He felt Mat's body respond by going momentarily rigid. The cock pulsed. The boy shivered.

"Easy," Lane said. "Just take it easy. Relax and enjoy." Enjoying was easy. Relaxing wasn't. After all, Mat's cock was being touched. Part of its neck was actually being squeezed by Lane's large hand. It was more than just fantasy happening to Mat this time.

Mat's orgasm hit him like a steamroller so suddenly he hadn't even been aware of its approach. One minute Mat was merely basking in the warm thrilling of Lane's touch. The next minute Mat was uttering a low animalistic groan and his cock was spouting cum.

Mat's fingers clamped down hard into Lane's shoulders. His ass bucked in an automatic flicking motion. His legs went weak, almost buckling at their knees.

Mat squeezed his eyes tight. He clenched his teeth. He'd never felt anything like this. He thought maybe it wasn't an orgasm at all but some kind of epileptic fit.

It was an orgasm all right, if a premature one.

When Mat opened his eyes he was still breathing hard in the aftermath. His cock and line's fingers were webbed with jizz. A wad of cum had landed on Lane's cheek. It was trailing down the skin, leaving a glistening trail.

Lane was smiling. Mat, however, was so embarrassed he could have cried. This seemed to be an afternoon of extremes: ecstasy one moment, depression the next.

"I'm sorry," Mat said. What more could he say? It was just so pathetic that he'd waited so very long for this moment only to have ruined it.

"Sorry for what?" Lane asked. He was still smiling. He was actually trying hard not to laugh. Laughing now wouldn't be good. It would make Mat feel even more inadequate than he probably already felt. And anyway, Lane wasn't smiling because of Mat's imagined inadequacy. He was smiling with the remembrance of his own first gay experience. He'd erupted prematurely, too. He'd felt so damned ridiculous at the time.

“I’m sorry for ruining everything,” Mat said. He wanted to bend down and pick up his pants. He didn’t know, though, how he’d go about it. Lane hadn’t let loose of Mat’s cock.

“You didn’t ruin anything,” Lane said. “But…”

“But what?” Lane interrupted.

How did Mat go about putting it into words? “Did it feel good?” Lane asked.

“Yes,” Mat answered. The fact that it had felt good didn’t detract any from the boy’s embarrassment. If it felt good or not, it had come too soon. Jesus, nothing had really happened yet between Lane and Mat. Lane had just touched him. Shouldn’t there have been something more before an orgasm? Mat had always prided himself on having more control than Tim Wheeler.

“Having sex is supposed to feel good,” Lane said. “It’s when it doesn’t that something is wrong. Besides, a kid your age should have more than just one blast-off in him, shouldn’t he?”

Lane wiped the cum off his cheek with his left hand. He brought the sperm-smeared fingers to his mouth. He licked, his tongue somehow appearing sexually obscene as he did so. Finished, he looked up at Mat. Lane was again smiling.

“Good,” Lane said. “So good, I could do with a little bit more.” Lane leaned forward and licked the head of Mat’s cock.

Mat groaned. His glands, sensitive after orgasm, hurt deliciously as it was whipped by Lane’s experienced tongue. Lane didn’t immediately swallow the cock. He licked and kissed down along the cock belly, cleaning the mess off it and his fingers in the process.

“You weren’t thinking of running off with this big, hard cock of yours, were you?” Lane asked, finally through with his mop-up.

Mat didn’t say anything. He didn’t have to. Lane could see how his simple licking had affected Mat. Mat’s fingers were again claw-like on Lane’s shoulders. The boy’s eyes were slightly dilated. His forehead was shiny with perspiration not yet beaded on the skin.

Lane began a slow stroking of Mat’s cock with his right hand. His left hand was back on Mat’s ass, holding the boy’s lower body firm for Lane’s proposed eating.

Lane went down for Mat’s nuts, wanting to sample the taste of them while they were still held in a flaccid bag. Lane had noticed how the boy’s whole scrotum pulled almost flush to the cock base when Mat orgasmed.

Lane sucked up the ball sac. The loose skin slipped into the vacuum. First one nut and then the other popped through the ovaled opening of Lane’s mouth.

Lane sucked harder, his lips siphoning up the scrotum to its roots. The nuts and flesh were a mouthful. They ballooned Lane’s cheeks. Lane wiled the nuts together inside of his mouth. He bit them gently. He bit them even harder.

Mat panted. It wasn’t a panting of pain. It was a grunting of pleasure. There was so much pleasure he was suddenly worried about blasting off again too quickly even the second time.

Mat looked down on the head working over his crotch. He watched the flow of black hair as Lane moved his mouth over Mat’s balls. Mat watched the glide of Lane’s fingers up and back along the length of the cock.

Lane eventually released his mouthful. He let the spit-drenched scrotum flow easily from his mouth. The tightening flesh rolled fluidly over Lane's lower lip and chin.

The balls now free, Lane nibbled back up the belly of Mat's cock. He arrived once again at the cock corona. There was a beading of preseminal juices awaiting Lane's hungry tongue. The clear juice was pooled in the raw red slit of the cock meat us.

Lane drank the liquid, taking away on his taste buds the delicious flavor of the salt.

Lane put his pursed lips to the cock glands. He opened his mouth. He slipped himself down over the fist-like cock knob.

Mat's fingers clamped even harder into Lane's muscled shoulders. The boy's hips gave a reflexive jabbing in effort to put more cock into the warmth now claiming the pulpy cock crown.

Lane dove deeper. The boy's cock head hit Lane's palate, gliding off and into the opening of the man's throat. Lane dove deeper. The boy's cock head hit Lane's palate, gliding off and into the opening of the man's throat.

Lane took even more of the cock. He swallowed up half of it before pausing. He could have gone directly to the bottom, but he didn't. He waited for Mat to adjust to the pleasure already taking hold of him. To the kid, all of this was new. Too much pleasure might result in yet another premature ejaculation. Lane didn't know how many consecutive eruptions Mat was capable of providing, but Lane was taking no chances of wasting any more of them.

Now, with his mouth securely anchored over the cock, Lane transferred his right hand to the boy's ass. Clamping tightly into an ass

cheek with each hand, Lane swallowed up the rest of Mat's cock. Mat grunted uncontrollably as Lane's mouth reached the bottom of the stiff organ. Lane's lips felt the scratch of the blond pubic hair. The breath released in short bursts through his nose, moved the wiry strands.

Lane enjoyed the taste of the boy's cock inside of him. For some reason, boy cock always tasted different from man cock. It was always somehow fresher. There was resilience to boy cock, too, that those cocks hung on older studs didn't seem to have anymore. It had been a long lime since Mat had sucked young meat. He'd almost forgotten the uniqueness of it.

Mat found the experience indescribable. No matter how he'd imagined it would be, no matter how many times he'd fantasized the moment, it had not lived up to the actuality. Masturbation had never been like this.

Yes, this was what Mat had been looking for, whether he'd known its actual intensity or not. Somehow Mat had just always known that sex with a man would be something horribly special. And it was. It was special beyond Mat's wildest imagination!

Any male animal seemed to take to fucking naturally, whether it was fucking mouth, ass, or cunt. An automatic response was somehow triggered, and hips bounced reflexively. Mat's lower body was beginning those fucking motions now. When Lane's face was falling downward, Mat's hips were thrusting forward. The boy's butt dimpled beneath Lane's fingers.

Lane wanted it to be good for Mat. The first time for any gay should always have been good. It should have been made as completely devoid of guilt as possible. Lane's first experience had been good

ones. He felt he'd adjusted well to his homosexuality over the years because of them.

What of Porter Conklin. Even in college Porter hadn't talked much about his early sex, not even with Lane. Had poor Porter been screwed up from the beginning?

Mat revolved his hips slowly. He couldn't help wondering how Lane kept from gagging.

Lane drug his face back up the neck of the cock. He was beginning to really get into the feel of this head job. Mat seemed to have adequate control, at least temporarily, so that Lane was able to demonstrate a bit more of his expertise in swinging on cock. The helmet-shaped cock head was suddenly again the only part of Mat inside Lane's mouth. Lane had one fantastic view down the spit glazed cock shaft. He took little time, though, to admire the view. He was too anxious to again drop down over those inches. He did just that, reaching bottom to only swing his lips right on back to the fact cock corona.

Lane's face continued to bounce. His compressed lips pushed from the cock head to the cock roots, drug from the cock roots to the cock head. Jesus, it was good heaving over this stiff boy cock!

Mat continued to helplessly fuck Lane's mouth. The boy was really out of his element. He was consciously unaware of what to do next. His more primitive centers, though, were operating, were taking charge. Mat was simply flowing along on the building wave. With the passing of a few more years Mat would find he was more able to partially control the swelling pleasure instead of having them take control of him from the very beginning.

Mat's whole body was tingling as the suction of Lane's mouth and throat siphoned once again to the fat boy cock roots. His cock once again buried to its base up Lane's mouth, Mat ground his pelvis hard into Lane's face.

Mat wheezed. He was kneading the muscle of Lane's shoulders like a baker kneading new dough. His nuts had hoisted closer to the base of his cock. His scrotum was a thick grapefruit like mass that mashed against Lane's chin on each of Lane's downward slides.

Lane was in good farm. He had been from the beginning. He slipped the fuck finger of his right hand deeper into the crease of Mat's butt. The finger located the pucker. Still maintaining the up-and-down cadence of his head over the cock, Lane pushed his finger slowly up the boy's ass hole.

"Uh... uh," Mat grunted in direct response to the pressure of the finger disappearing up his butt. Neither the bowel nor the finger were lubricated, the entrance being thus far less easy than it might have been. However, the minor irritation was simply something more to be added to Mat's total pleasure.

A good indication of Mat's youth and sexual inexperience was the swiftness with which he built to the edge of his second orgasm. This time, however, Mat was more aware of the arrival. It had swelled far slower than it had the first time. Pleasure had built upon pleasure until it was possible for it to build no longer.

"I'm... sorry... I'm... sorry," Mat whimpered, his fingers tightening in Lane's shoulders. But if he was sorry because of the quickness with which the second climax had come upon him, he was not sorry about the resulting pleasure.

Lane pushed his finger deeper yet up Mat's butt. He felt the bulge of the youth's prostate. He massaged the knot-like mass. He might as well have pulled the trigger of a double-gauge shotgun.

Fireworks went off in Mat's guts.

"Oh, fuuuuuck!" Mat wailed loudly. His nuts were in eruption. He jerked his hips into Lane's face. He breathed erratically.

Lane took the first slugs of cream exiting Mat's primed body. He felt Mat's butt going hard beneath his hands. He felt the ass sphincter collapse in around Lane's fuck finger. Lane jiggled his finger up the collapsing bowel. Simultaneously he growled around his mouthful of exploding meat. Mat's cock continued to feed Lane hot cum. Seemingly gallons of the stuff appeared to be in the process of exploding free of the pulsing cock meat us.

And when it was finally over and one, Lane pulled his face away from a cock that was still hard, a cock showing little, if any, aspects of fading back to softness.

"Hey, stud," Lane, said, smiling. "It looks as if you're still capable of thirds. Shall we give it a try?"

And Mat found himself helplessly beginning to cry. It had been so good, so fucking good, sure it wasn't anything to bawl about.

Mat sunk to his knees. Lane took him in strong arms, holding the boy's sobbing body close against his own.

"It's all right, Mat," Lane said. And he knew it was. He'd cried, too – his first time.

CHAPTER TEN

Lane was genuinely amused. “I do think you’re jealous,” Lane said with a smile.

“Maybe I am,” Mat admitted. Mat had just found the B&D setup Lane had used with Porter the night before. That session had run longer than Lane had thought it would, and Lane hadn’t put the stuff away. He had slept in that morning, almost getting to the courthouse late, so he hadn’t picked up that morning, either. Mat had met him that afternoon. They’d come directly here. There’d been no chance to pick up before entering the house.

Lane had checked out of the hotel and into the guesthouse on the Williamson estate. The house had been offered by Clarence Williamson before, but Karl’s little accident on the ski slopes had precluded use of it. It was very uncomfortable for Karl to ride very long stretches in the car. He preferred a hotel close by the courthouse to a half hour drive both to and then from work, even if the guesthouse was decidedly more comfortable after you got there.

However, when Lane asked, Karl got the keys. “You must have some pretty rich friends,” Mat had said the first time to the house.

“It belongs to a friend of a friend,” Lane had answered and left it at that. Lane had told Mat he was a lawyer but hadn’t gone into any further details. You didn’t sit down and discuss legal dogma with a fifteen-year-old boy. There were far more enjoyable things to do with and to him.

“So, that’s why you couldn’t see me yesterday?” Mat now asked. “Had a hot date, did you?”

“Come off it, Mat,” Lane said, actually laughing this time. “He’s an old school friend. Nothing to be jealous about there. Besides, didn’t the two of us decide we were both free to see other people?”

Mat didn’t answer. He was actually a little put out that Lane hadn’t seen him last night. Porter had decided to stay out for the whole evening, and it would have been a perfect time for Lane and Mat to get together.

Mat knew he shouldn’t be jealous. He and Lane had decided that any kind of an exclusive sexual arrangement between them would have been a bit ridiculous. Anyway, that was what Lane had decided.

“A nice-looking kid like you isn’t going to be satisfied with an old man like me for too long, anyway,” Lane had said by way of argument. “Pretty soon you’ll be out running around with kids young enough to keep up with you.”

Actually, Mat couldn’t imagine sex with anyone but Lane. Lane was so good, who could ever be better?

“Did he let you tie him up to the table?” Mat now asked, checking out the ropes. His eye again caught sight of the belt. “Did he let you beat him?”

“As a matter of fact, the answer is yes to both questions,” Lane said. He hoped Mat wasn’t really upset. Lane hadn’t even thought about how Mat might react to finding out about Porter.

“You never asked to tie me up,” Mat said, trying to muster up a genuine pout.

“For someone who had his first taste of gay sex just a little over a week ago, you’re moving awfully fast,” Lane said. “I thought maybe

you wouldn't want to get jaded before you were sixteen."

Actually, Lane had thought before about introducing Mat to a little bondage and discipline, but he'd decided against it.

"Anyone ever tie you up?" Mat asked, going back to examining the ropes, the belt, and the table.

"A couple of times," Lane admitted.

"Was it fun?" Mat asked. He didn't know why, but the idea of being tied had a certain erotic aspect about it. Mat couldn't help remembering how masturbation had always seemed so much better those few times he'd tied up his nuts and suspended a weight from them.

"Yes, it was fun," Lane answered.

"Was it better than just normal sex?" Mat wanted to know.

"I don't think any of it is a question of being more or less enjoyable than normal sex," Lane said. "To begin with, most all sex is normal, as long as the two or more people involved are getting fun out of it."

"You ever had sex with more than one guy at a time?" Mat asked, momentarily changing his line of questioning.

"Sure."

"Was it fun?"

"It's all fun," Lane said. "Some of it is just more fun than others. Some guys get their nuts off best while being tied to a table. Other guys don't want to be tied, don't like it at all, find sex the best on a

one-to-one basis. Others don't really get turned on unless they're part of an orgy."

"What do you like best." Mat asked.

"I like to think that I enjoy it all," Lane answered. "It's all got aspects to be enjoyed."

"That's the way I want to be," Mat said. "I don't want any hang-ups."

"That's a healthy attitude," Lane said. "You're apt to miss out on a lot of fun the minute you cease having an open mind."

"Did you let him tie you up."

"Who?"

"Your old school buddy from last night."

"Did I let him tie me up last night, or have I ever let him tie me up?"

"Have you ever let him tie you up?"

"Would you ever let me tie you up?" Mat asked finally.

"Yes," Lane said.

Mat experienced a strange shivering in his guts.

"Now?" Mat asked.

“Why not?” Mat couldn’t help being jealous about whoever it was who had been with Lane last night, old school buddy or not. Mat couldn’t help wondering how it would feel to have Lane tied up and helpless.

“Because bondage and discipline is a phase of gay sex which should be taken quite seriously,” Lane said. “A man tied up is putting complete trust in the person who has tied him.”

“You don’t trust me?”

“Of course I do,” Lane said. “But you’re not old enough yet, haven’t had enough experience yet to judge adequately the thin dividing line between pain and pleasure. The purpose of sex is pleasure. In bondage and discipline it is very easy to inadvertently get carried away with giving only the pain.”

“Do you think I would hurt you?” Mat asked.

“Not purposely. But right now you haven’t got the expertise needed to know when and if you’d really be hurting me.”

“Wouldn’t you tell me if I were?”

“That’s not the way it works, Mat,” Lane said. “Sometimes a slave can be rolling around, grunting, groaning, and begging to be set free when he doesn’t want his freedom at all.”

Mat couldn’t help the images from flashing through his mind, Lane tied to the table, Mat chained to a wall, Lane getting fucked while tied to the bed, Mat getting fucked in the face with his hands tied behind him. Mat had a painfully hard cock.

“Listen, Mat,” Lane said. “I want you to promise me that you will never, and I do mean never, let someone tie you up unless you’re sure – absolutely sure – that you can trust that someone implicitly. A friend of a friend, an acquaintance of mine, once let someone chain him to a crate in a New York warehouse. Whoever did the chaining also did some cutting. No one looks pretty with a bloody hole where his cock and balls are supposed to be.”

Mat got goose bumps. He didn’t lose his erection. If anything, his cock got harder.

“Even if some people don’t go that far,” Lane continued, “You could get permanently scarred. You’re too good-looking a kid to end up with scars from cigarette bums all over your body.”

“But if I trusted the guy? I mean, if I really trusted him?”

“B&D does offer some pleasures you don’t find duplicated elsewhere,” Lane said. “If you really trust someone, then go ahead. But make damned sure he knows what he’s doing.”

“Very well, then,” Mat said. “You tie me up. Come on, Mat. This conversation has about gone far enough.”

Despite himself, Lane found the idea sexually exciting. He’d never had a fifteen-year-old tied to a table. And maybe that was what made him hesitate now. Would Lane adequately be able to calculate the thin line existing between pain and pleasure for a comparatively innocent fifteen-year-old kind? Maybe if he went slowly it would work.

“I trust you,” Mat said. “By your own admission, you know what you’re doing. What better opportunity do I have to get a little practical experience from a pro? Wouldn’t you feel better knowing I was get-

ting my initiation from you instead of from someone who, even though trustworthy, didn't know shit about tying someone down?"

"I've never had someone as young as you on the table," Lane said. Despite his sudden realization that he was turned on by the idea of tying Mat there, Lane wanted the kid to know where he stood. Mat was coming along so well, it would be a shame to slip up with him here, ruin him on gay sex when he was so obviously psychologically geared toward it.

"I used to hang weights from my nuts when I jacked off," Mat said. "I sometimes used to pretend I was tied up and being raped. Those fantasies always made the pleasure better."

"The reality is not fantasy," Lane said, wondering if that sounded pompous.

"Tie me," Mat said. "I want to know a little something of what your old school chum knew last night."

"Does all of this really just have something to do with the fact that I had sex last night with someone besides you?"

"It all has something to do with the fact that you are having sex tonight with me," Mat said. "It all has something to do with the fact that I want you to tie me to this table and do anything you want with my body. That gives me a hard-on just thinking about it. By the looks of the bulge in your pants, it gives you a hard-on, too. If it makes us bath hot just thinking about it, then why not do it? Sex is right as long as the two people involved are getting fun out of it. Isn't that basically what you told me? Am I too young to learn at fifteen?"

Actually, fifteen was an ideal age for learning. The sooner you started, the easier it was to learn. Most of the recognized masters in

B&D had started early. Oh, maybe not at fifteen, but early nonetheless, before they'd become too set in their ways to accept new aspects of pleasure. At fifteen both mind and bodies were more flexible than when older.

Why shouldn't Lane tie Mat to the table? Mat was well qualified to take most anyone through a session. It would be far better for the kid to get the initial lesson right. Some people never learned properly only because they'd received inferior instruction in the beginning. If you learned it wrong, then it was a painful process to unlearn it and learn it right. Some people could never unlearn.

Was it possible that Mat was really a natural, one of those rarities that took to B&D like a duck took to water? Lane had met a few such people, but he'd never met one this young.

But then even if Mat weren't a natural, even if he were requesting a look-see just to determine if he would like it, wasn't he right when he said it would be best for him if Lane were on the other end of the ropes?

"Them are rules," Lane said. His lips were dry. He licked them.

"I got A's in memorization," Mat said.

Lane could get excited by the prospect of what he had here. What if Mat did really get turned on by the B&D scene? What if Mat had already realized at fifteen what he wanted and was moving out to get it? It had been Mat, after all, who had picked up Lane, wasn't it? Mat had told Lane all about how he had seen Lane in the elevator, again in the hallway, and had then lain in wait for him. Mat was now the one asking to be tied up. Lane hadn't suggested it. Lane had assumed B&D was a trip a little too heavy for a fifteen-year-old kid new to gay sex.

“You’re a slave, then,” Lane said. He’d expected Mat to smile.

Mat didn’t smile.

“You’re my master,” Mat said instead. And it wasn’t a question.

“You must, therefore, do everything I tell you to do.”

“Yes, sir,” Mat said. He’d given the proper form of address without Lane having asked him to do so. An accident? Intuition?

“You are my property to chastise, to discipline, to use as I see fit.”

“Yes, sir.”

It was a game. The younger you were, the easier it was to become involved in the game playing. When you were young, you were apt to already think of yourself as a slave of sorts, anyway. And adults were your masters. The role taking between Mat and Lane wasn’t difficult for Mat. That was especially true, since Mat already looked on Lane as a definitely superior being. Lane had already taught Mat so much already.

“Take off your clothes,” Lane said.

Mat obliged.

“Bend over the table,” Lane said. He reached for the belt.

Mat did as instructed. His hips pressed into one side of the table. His outstretched hands hooked over the other side.

Lane hit Mat's white ass, watching the strip of blush form immediately on the creamy skin.

The sting of the leather on his butt oozed heat inward to Mat's guts.

"Did that hurt?" Lane asked.

"No, sir," Mat said.

Lane put the belt leather again down to the buns of Mat's ass.

Mat could feet the resulting swells across his butt. The molested flesh was throbbing. More warmth added to the building fire. Mat's hard cock pulsed between his legs.

Lane used the belt yet again. This time he delivered it with such force that Mat's whole body shuddered beneath the delivered impact of the blow.

Another whack of the belt against the butt set an additional trembling throughout the boy's body.

"Hurt?" Lane asked.

"No, sir," Mat answered. And it wasn't quite the lie it might have been. It did hurt, but not in the usual sense of the word. Oh, there was certainly pain, but the pain seemed somehow to be even more of a turn-on. Mat remembered those few time his father had beaten him with a belt. Mat had gotten a hard-on then, too.

Lane hit Mat again. Mat could feel the resulting swells pulse to life across his ass, adding themselves to the ones already streaked there. He wondered if his butt was bleeding. He wondered how long

it would be before he could sit down on his buns again. Would he be able to conceal his resulting discomfort from his father?

Leather contacted Mat's ass once again. It was followed by another and then another blow. Mat's hands clenched against the side of the table. His cheek rested against the high polish of the wood.

The next whack actually registered a degree of genuine pain for Mat. His butt was flaming red now. The butt cheeks were hot, very hot.

Lane continued to whip, nevertheless, marveling at how Mat simply endured the beating with no more than occasional uncontrollable grunts delivered at the moments of impact. Even when the pain began to register through the pleasure, Mat kept right where he was, as if he were already held fast by chains. But he wasn't chained. He could have pulled up off the table any time. He could have said he'd had enough. And would Lane have stopped beating him? Yes, Lane probably would have stopped. But was that what Lane was waiting for? Was he waiting for Mat to call uncle? Would Lane then smile and say that he'd known all along the time was just a little premature for introducing Mat to the B&D scene? Well, by God, Mat would show Lane! Whether Mat was tied or not, he was determined he might as well have been. He wasn't going to budge no matter how hard and long Lane beat on his ass.

Lane didn't know just when he realized Mat had determined to endure come hell or high water, but Lane did realize it.

Lane delivered one final blow of the belt across the beet-red buns of Mat's ravaged butt. He told Mat to unbend and turn around. Mat did so even though Lane could tell that Mat's whipped ass made the boy's maneuvering difficult.

Mat's cock was still hard. Lane noticed that as soon as the boy turned to face him. Tears streamed down Mat's face. Sweat veneered the boy's chest and belly. The kid trembled, making it hard for him to stand. But Mat's cock was hard, rock-hard. And Lane was suddenly hungry for it.

Lane tied the boy on the table, using the same ropes he'd used to tie Porter the night before. Only Porter had been belly down. Lane put Mat on his back.

His butt on the tabletop, Mat gritted his teeth with the pain of the body weight he was forced to put on it. Despite the agony, he was as aware of his hard cock as Lane had been. That hard cock had to mean something, didn't it?

"Pain is pleasure, pleasure pain," Lane said. He was beginning to unbutton his shirt. "Each has aspects of the other. It's not quite a balance of the two we're after. A balance would merely cancel out. What we want is the pleasure predominant, the pain a supplement. We do not want the pain to control. That would defeat entirely the whole purpose."

Lane's shirt was off. Mat swallowed at the sight of the naked muscle. The boy had never ceased being amazed at how excited he could get each time he saw the bared expanse of Lane's hairy chest. And that excitement would only swell to new extremes each time Lane dropped his pants, showing Mat the cock which Mat had been responsible for hardening. Lane sat momentarily in a chair to take off his boots and socks. He then stood, undoing his fly, dropping his underpants and trousers.

Mat saw the hard cock he'd been waiting to see. The cock was so big, so perfect a compliment for the body it was a part of. Mat had used to think his father had the best physique he'd ever seen. Lane's

body, though, had Porter's beat in Mat's estimation. Maybe that was only because Lane's body had come to mean more to Mat than Porter's body could ever have meant. Mat had come to know each and every crevice and curve of Lane's body. He had done so in personal exploration, something that would have been impossible with Porter's body.

Lane crawled up on the table, positioning his butt over Mat's thighs, facing toward Mat's head. Lane sat. His butt added more weight to the ass Mat had pressed against the table. The further flattening of Mat's ass buns caused an additional smarting of the beaten flesh.

"Pain is nothing more than a tool to be used," Lane said, smiling, watching the grimaces passing uncontrollably over the boy's handsome features. "It's something to be used as a belt is used, as a gag is used, as an aphrodisiac would be used to increase the sexual pleasure."

Lane lifted up his ass, supporting his body on his knees. He crawled forward until his butt was hanging over Mat's crotch.

Lane reached a hand beneath his butt. He found Mat's cock. He lifted the cock to a standing position. He maneuvered until the cock head was worked into the crease of his slowly lowering butt. The cock glands was slippery with a veneering of its own pre-seminal leakage.

The cock corona pushed to a position directly upon the man's anal pucker. Mat enjoyed the contact of the cock tip against his ass hole.

Mat saw what Lane was doing, but he was having difficulty believing it. Was Lane actually planning to sit down over Mat's cock? In all their time together, Mat had never fucked Lane's ass. It had always been vice versa. Oh, Mat had never had any complaints. Lane had

always been more than generous in satisfying Mat's needs with a pumping hand or a sucking mouth. But, never had Lane given Mat's cock the man's ass. Was he going to give it now? Mat had always suspected that a man like Lane didn't allow himself to be screwed. The fact that he was now preparing to allow himself, actually allow Mat's cock to have at him, was almost too fantastic a thing to be believed.

As Lane began to sit down over the boy's cock, Mat completely forgot the agony sun bursting still from his belt whipped ass.

Lane, his butt still falling, leaned to put his hands on the boy's chest. Lane's palms flattened out over the boy's nipples. The nipples were tack points against Lane's skin. Lane smiled and dropped his ass even deeper over the cock plug.

Lane found it exceptionally sensuous, feeling the slippage of the boy cock inside of his butt. Lane had fucked his share of young men, if only a very few fifteen-year-aids, but Mat's was the first young cock Lane had actually ended up letting fuck him. Why? Oh, it wasn't because he had any masculine hang-ups about getting fucked. It was just that, for one reason or another, there hadn't been the time, or Lane just hadn't thought much about doing it. It was always so good just fucking the young ass; it was kind of hard to realize there could be pleasure on the other end of the stick.

Mat grunted out his pleasure. He couldn't help it. The friction of the bowel against the cock flesh caused a burning sensation along the length of Mat's cock. That heat flowed inward and downward, merging with the other heat spawned by the whipping Mat's butt had endured.

Lane had enough expertise so that he could consciously will his ass muscles to relax and have them obey. Thus, what bit of lubrication

was offered by the leakage from Mat's cock meat us was sufficient for the plugging.

Lane's slide over the cock was slow but persistent. In fact, once it had began, there was no pausing until Lane's ass hit bottom, coming to rest amid the tangled bush of Mat's blond pubic hair. Lane wiggled over the cock, allowing his bowel its final adjustment.

Mat's eyes were slightly glazed. His cheeks and forehead were flushed and damp. His mouth was opened slightly. Lane could see the boy's pink tongue behind the divide.

Mat's nipples were hard buds beneath Lane's hands. Lane rubbed his palms against them, turning the erect pimples hot with the friction. Beneath his settled butt, Lane was aware of the automatic bouncing movements of Mat's hips.

Lane lifted his ass. The lower extremities of Mat's cock left the butt. Within the ass, Lane's prostate felt Mat's cock neck gliding against it. The resulting massage caused a leaking of juice from the mouth of Lane's cock.

Lane's cock was as hard as the boy's cock, if not harder. It jutted upward from its bag of haired balls. It was too hard to be left without attention.

Lane pulled his right hand away from Mat's chest. He wrapped the hand around his cock. He began a slow, tantalizing pumping.

Once again seated over Mat's cock, Lane saw his balls dropped far enough between the man's thighs to pool on Mat's belly. Lane's scrotum, though, wasn't destined to be that loose for long. The bag was already contracting. The sac skin was becoming thicker around the two large nuts it enclosed.

His ass again on the upswing, Lane had to admit that this fuck was a good one. God, he wondered why he hadn't let the boy have at his ass sooner.

Lane pulled his second hand away from Mat's chest. He put it back beneath his ass. He combed Mat's pubic hair and then popped for Mat's balls. He squeezed the handful of nuts. He squeezed again.

Mat groaned. He ground his teeth together, but he continued to groan nevertheless. He continued to moan helplessly while Lane continued squeezing the boy's nuts.

Lane judged the pressure he was delivering on Mat's balls by just how hard the boy's cock remained up Lane's butt. As long as Mat's cock stayed solid, the pleasure still dominated the pain. Pain over pleasure would have made the cock soften. Mat's cock showed no indications of losing any of its stiffness.

Mat found it difficult to know just what it was he was experiencing from one moment to the next. One second, it was pain. The next second, it was pleasure. More often than not, though, it was a strange intermingling of both the pain and the pleasure. Mat was experiencing something similar to those times when he'd masturbated with the weight strung from his balls. But even those times of masturbation weren't exactly the same as this. This, somehow, managed to go to even further extremes.

Through partially closed lids, Mat had the additional turn-on of seeing Lane's ass lift up the length of the cock. Like a giant piece of shit, Mat's cock dropped free of the bowel. There was, also, the voyeuristic pleasure of witnessing Lane beating on his own meat.

Fucking ass was as different from fucking face as fucking face was from fucking hand. Mat was acutely aware of the excessive pleasure

of this particular butt fuck. Obviously, the B&D aspects enhanced the ecstasy to a greater state than it normally would have been.

Mat sighed his pleasure. He was beginning to breathe quite heavily. His young chest was rising and falling.

Lane beat his cock harder. He sensed it wasn't going to be too long before Mat was erupting his nuts. Lane wanted to be there to join the cum driving up his ass with the cum shooting free of his own fisted prick.

Lane continued to bounce his ass up and down. He continued to jack his cock meat. He periodically gave Mat's nuts another good mashing.

Lane's body was glossed with perspiration. The liquid veneering shined the flesh beneath the covering of thick black hair. Sweat leaked between the hair like small rivers through a jungle of twisting vines.

On each downward slide, Lane's sweat-slicked butt stuck to Mat's sweat-slicked lower belly, pulling away only reluctantly.

For Mat, the vision he saw continued to be painfully exquisite. Lane's superb body was alive with its tensing muscle. The man's cock was large, slick and shiny with its leaked juices. Lane's dark hair had curled in the sweat on his forehead. Mat's cock continued to appear and disappear at the hole of Lane's ass.

"Cum, slave! Cum!" Lane commanded.

Mat obliged him. He exploded his guts. He moaned uncontrollably. His hips heaved upward automatically to spear the butt then falling down over the boy's cock. The youth struggled against the ropes that

bound his arms and legs. His struggles weren't in any effort to free himself. God, no! Why would anyone want free of this excruciating pleasure? The struggle was merely a reflexive response to the orgasm then shattering the boy's insides.

Lane squeezed his handful of nuts. He squeezed hard. But, even that resulting pain wasn't enough to cancel out Mat's spiraling pleasure.

"Oh, fuck… sir," Mat grunted. "Oh, Jesus, fucking, shit." And, Lane let loose with his own load of spunk. He continued to pump his cock even as the meat erupted. Thick wads of creamy white male jism blasted as far as Mat's neck. Other blobs of wet-white fluid made sticky strings along Mat's chest and belly.

Lane threw back his head and groaned in his overwhelming climax. Mat thought he was going to literally die from the pleasure.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Lane had tied Porter belly-down to the bed. Then he'd left him. Lane had planned to let Porter come with him to pick up Mat; but then, Lane had had second thoughts. It would do Porter good to wonder what in the hell was happening. Keeping your slave from anticipating correctly what was going to happen to him next was one of the finer nuances of the B&D game.

So, Lane had tied Porter's wrists to the headboard, ankles to the footboard. Then, without another word, he'd left the room and Porter naked on the bed. Lane left the house and got in the car.

Mat was waiting where he said he would be. He opened the car door and got in. "You're in for a treat today," Lane said, flashing Mat a wide smile. Lane had really come to appreciate the kid over the past few weeks. He was going to be sorry to leave him. The Williamson trial, however, wasn't going to last forever. It had already moved into its last week.

"What kind of a treat?" Mat asked, all curiosity. "I'm going to let you play master today," Lane said.

"Tie you up?" Mat asked. As good as it sounded, Mat was a little nervous at the thought. He now knew better than think B&D was a simple tying up, beating, and fucking routine.

"No, not me," Lane said. "But I thought I'd do a little supervising while you worked over someone else. I want to see bow much I've taught you before I turn you loose on me."

"Turn me loose on who, then?" Mat asked. Despite himself, it sounded exciting. He'd be more sure of himself with Lane there to make

sure he didn't overstep the accepted limits.

"That old college chum of mine you're forever throwing fits of jealousy over," Lane said. His smile grew wider. "I figured you might get a charge out of whipping his butt and then fucking it."

"What's he say about all of this?" Mat asked. Mat really didn't know if he was up to meeting this old school chum of Lane. Mat was afraid of what he'd find. Mat had always had the horrible gut feeling that in mauling any comparison between himself and this other guy, it would be Mat who came out on the short end of the deal. Mat had come to that decision without knowing a hell of a lot about the guy. Lane, possibly not wanting to feed Mat's jealousy, had always been a bit vague about the man and Lane's total relationship with him.

"He doesn't have anything to say about it," Lane said. "He gave up his rights the minute he let me tie him to the bed."

"He's at the house, then?" Mat asked. His cock pulsed within his pants. The cock was hard. But, then, it had been hard even while Mat had been waiting for Lane. It always went hard whenever Mat knew he was getting together with this dark-completed stud.

"He's really going to be surprised," Lane said, laughing in genuine amusement as he tried to imagine the expression on Porter's face when he saw what Lane had in store for him. "I told him once that I was having sessions with a fifteen-year old stud, and he almost shit his pants. Seems he has a son about your age."

"Have you met him? The son, I mean?" Mat asked.

"Are you kidding?" Lane answered. "I'm sure I'm the last person he'd introduce his son to. He's undoubtedly fearful I'd shove the kid in some closet at the first opportunity and rape him."

“Pardon me for saying it, but it sounds to me as if your friend is kind of a shit,” Mat said.

“He just has his hang-ups,” Lane said. “You’ll meet a lot of people with hang-ups before you’re my age. They’re gay, they like gay sex, but they’re as guilty as hell that they don’t like girls like everyone else at the office.”

“I don’t think I’m going to like him.”

“You don’t have to like him personally to have fun with his body,” Lane said. “He does have an exceptional body. That should get you turned on a little. You’re kind of a body queen anyway, aren’t you?”

“He could be built like a brick shithouse, and I still wouldn’t like him,” Mat said with determined finality.

“We’ll see,” Lane said, turning the car into the Williamson estate access road. “This has all aspects of being a very interesting afternoon.”

As it turned out, interesting was an understatement. Once in the house, Lane had Mat strip down in the living room. He had Mat put on a leather vest and boots. That was all. Mat’s cock was all Mat really needed between vest and boots, the way Lane figured it.

Lane stripped down, too, putting on a leather jockstrap.

“Ready?” Lane asked.

“Where’s the belt?” Mat asked. “I think I’m going to want to get started on your friend’s ass as soon as possible.”

“Everything you need is in the bedroom,” Lane said with a laugh.

Lane and the boy walked to the bedroom door.

“You wait here, stud,” Lane said, “but come on in when I give a call.” Lane opened the door and went in, closing the door behind him. Mat tried to catch a quick glance of what was inside when the door was opened. He didn’t see anything except a chest of drawers.

Mat heard Lane say something. Anyway, Mat figured it was Lane. The door muffled most of the sound. There were a few minutes of apparent conversation.

Finally, the door opened.

“Come on in, stud,” Lane said. He was almost laughing, his eyes sparkling. Porter had definitely not taken to the idea of Lane turning him over to a fifteen-year-aid kid, even if Lane was promising to stand by to supervise. However, as Lane had informed Porter, there wasn’t must of anything Porter was going to be able to do about it.

Mat stepped into the bedroom. The first thing he noticed about the male body on the bed was the muscle definition of the back, the butt, and the legs.

“Jesus!” Porter uttered in a definite shock response.

“Nice, yes?” Lane asked, misinterpreting Porter’s comment.

“Oh, Christ,” Porter said, his voice sounding definitely strained. He turned his head toward the wall.

Mat looked at Porter, frankly now confused by the man's reaction. He then looked at Mat. Mat was standing quite still. He looked as white as a sheet. His cock was going soft.

"Mat?" Lane asked. Lane had heard of hate at first sight, but wasn't this just a little bit ridiculous?

Mat turned and walked out of the room. He moved like a zombie. It was all a mistake. It had to be. It was just some kind of a horrible joke.

Lane followed Mat into the living room.

"Would you like to tell me what in the fuck is going on here between you two?"

Lane asked.

Mat turned toward him. He still looked white as a sheet, except the white was now punctuated by startling splotches of blush on the boy's cheeks and forehead.

"That's my father in the bedroom," Mat said.

Lane would have laughed, but he could see Mat was dead serious.

"Your father?"

"Your old school chum and fuck partner is my old men," Mat said with a falsetto laugh that caught in his throat.

Lane couldn't believe it. How could it possibly be true without his knowing? He'd mentioned Mat to Porter. He'd mentioned Porter to

Mat. By name? Could he have kept his references so cryptic that he'd never mentioned names?

Lane searched back through his mind to every time Mat had asked about Lane's old school chum, to when Lane had told Porter about the fifteen-year-old kid he was playing around with. Had the man always been an old acquaintance and never Porter Conklin? Had the boy always been a fifteen-year-old stud and never Mat Conklin? Hell, how could it have been Mat Conklin?

"You told me your name was Peters," Lane accused Mat, thinking there still had to be some mistake.

"I was afraid, what with your working at the courthouse, that you might run into my father," Mat said.

"Jesus," Lane hissed in reply.

"He's going to kill me," Mat said, looking to Lane for some kind of help.

"Don't be silly," Lane said. "Porter isn't the kind of man to kill his own son."

"He's got hang-ups," Mat said. "You said so yourself."

"Take your clothes and go upstairs," Lane said. "I'll go in and talk to Porter."

Lane didn't have to be told twice. He gathered up his clothes hurriedly and headed for the stairs.

“Don’t untie him,” Mat said, stopping at the bottom of the stairs and looked back toward Lane.

“We can’t keep him tied up forever,” Lane said. “Can we?” Mat didn’t answer. He started up the stairs.

Lane went back into the bedroom and found Porter just as he’d left him. There obviously wasn’t going to be too much of a change. A man tied securely wasn’t going to get too far even if he tried. Porter’s head was still turned toward the wall.

Lane shut the door behind him. He walked around the bed. Porter’s eyes were shut. The man’s face looked strained. As if Porter were grinding his teeth, there was a shifting of facial muscle in his cheeks.

Porter obviously knew Lane was back in the bedroom.

“Untie me, Lane,” Porter said, not opening his eyes.

“Maybe we should talk first,” Lane suggested.

“You can’t keep me tied up forever,” Porter said, echoing what Lane had told Mat just seconds before.

“Mat is afraid you’re going to hurt him.” Porter didn’t answer. If possible, Lane thought he could see the muscle in Porter’s body go tighter.

“I can see where you might be a little upset,” Lane said. “Admittedly, the timing here wasn’t quite the best it might have been. But what’s there to make a big deal over?”

“No big deal?” Porter asked. His eyes came open and he stared directly into Lane’s eyes. “You call fucking my fifteen-year-old kid’s ass nothing?”

“Let’s just say that I find it no more of a big deal than fucking his dad’s ass,” Lane said.

“Untie me, Lane,” Porter said by way of his answer.

Lane hesitated. He wasn’t so much worried about his own safety. Lane had always been able to take care of himself in a fight. He figured he could take care of himself in any scuffle with Porter. It was Mat Lane was really worried about. “If this thing isn’t handled properly,” Lane said, “You’re going to really screw up your kid’s life, Porter.”

“Me screw it up?” Porter asked incredulously. “Me? From this end, it looks to me as if you’re the one who has been doing all the screwing.”

“Blaming me for everything is a cop-out,” Lane said. “Even trying to blame Mat for everything is a cop-out.”

“I’m sure you’d prefer it if I blamed myself for everything,” Porter said facetiously.

“I don’t think anyone should be blamed,” Lane said. “I’m gay, I admit it. Mat is gay, and he’ll admit it given half the chance. And you’re gay, whether you admit it now or never admit it. That’s just the facts of life.”

“Untie me, Lane.”

“Do you think Mat can help his needs and desires any more than you or I can?” Lane asked.

“Untie me, damn it!”

“You’ve got a great chance here, Mat, to make your kid’s life a lot less guilt-ridden than yours has obviously been. I hope you’re only big enough to see this opportunity for what it is.”

“You’ll excuse me if I find it a bit hard to stomach a lecture on child rearing from someone who not only isn’t a father but has probably never even fucked a woman in his whole life.”

“And you think having a son makes you more the man?” Lane asked. “Well, let me tell you something. Being a man is a bit more than fucking cunt. And being a father is a lot more than just contributing sperm to a fertile female egg.”

“What do you know about me or my son?” Porter asked, accusingly.

“I know that I care a good deal for both of you,” Lane said. “I know that I would hate to see you screw your son’s life the way you screwed up yours. Nor, for that matter, can I imagine you wanting that for him, either.”

“Would you quit telling me what you do or do not think!” Porter shouted. For the first time he actually struggled against his bonds as if he thought physical strength could break them. He stopped his struggle very quickly, obviously realizing the futility of his efforts. “He’s my son, Lane. Mine. Not yours. And it’s me and not you who knows what’s best for him.”

“You think so?” Lane asked. “Maybe you’re just a little close to the situation to be objective.”

“Untie me, Lane. Please.”

“I’d like to know what you’re going to do about Mat,” Lane said.

“I’d like to know, too,” Porter said. “But I’m not going to do my best thinking while trussed up on the bed like a Thanksgiving turkey.”

“You will promise not to act irrationally?”

“I promise,” Porter said. “Now Lane, will you please untie me?”

Porter sounded rational enough, but Lane still hesitated to untie him. The situation was potentially explosive.

“I just wish I could be sure you had the capacity for handling this,” Lane said. He stood, going to the bottom of the bed. He began untying Porter’s ankles.

Porter didn’t move until he was completely untied and Lane was standing a short distance from the bed. Finally, Porter came slowly to a sitting position. He began rubbing his wrists in an effort to get the blood back into circulation.

Porter’s cock was soft. It was obvious that nothing about the present situation was even slightly pleasurable to the man. For that matter, Lane’s cock was flaccid, too. The afternoon had hardly turned out the way Lane had planned it.

Porter stopped what he was doing. He looked up at Lane. He bared his teeth.

“You perverted bastard!” Porter growled.

In a split second, Porter was off the bed. He hit Lane like a ton of bricks. Lane, however, hadn't been caught completely unaware. His intuition had told him something like this might happen.

Porter was quick to make use of what advantage he did have. He followed Lane's body as it bounced against the wall. He dropped with it to the floor.

Lane felt buried beneath the weight of Porter's hard flesh and muscle. However, Lane wasn't docilely waiting for the beating Porter was obviously intent on giving him. Lane gave an upward jab of his fist, which connected with Porter's midsection.

Porter struggled to keep Lane pinned beneath him. He tried desperately to get Lane's body out of commission. Lane, though, was having none of it.

The two rolled on the floor, tipping over a chair. Porter had managed finally to wrap both muscled arms around Lane's body. The sweat oozed to both their bodies, however, made it possible for Lane to slip first one arm and then the other free of the hold.

They were both breathing hard. Neither of them was really up to fighting this way. Even Porter, a policeman by profession, was seldom called upon to engage in hand-to-hand combat with a criminal.

Exhausted or not, the two fought for dominance. Another chair was knocked over. Porter made a wild kick for Lane's balls, which missed. He knocked his shin against the end of the bed instead.

Porter knew almost immediately what Lane was doing. There was no way he could stop it. What Porter needed to do was win this fight and end it quickly. Winning a fight with Lane wouldn't be easy. Porter began to wish Lane had been another of the balding fat men who

didn't enter middle age gracefully. How that would have prevented this present catastrophe! Porter wouldn't have taken up with him again. Mat certainly wouldn't have been interested in something other than the perfection Lane still obviously represented.

"Bastard!" Porter grunted between clenched teeth. He tried for a hammerlock but didn't get it. He felt Lane's fingers glide over his balls, not even bothering to stop and squeeze. Lane was that confident he'd win eventually.

There was something sensuously erotic about the way muscled flesh slid in the sweat of other muscled flesh. There was something undeniably exciting about the way Lane's hard nipples dug into Porter's back, or the way Lane's hard cock drug against Porter's bare butt.

Porter never should have begun this fight naked. He should have gotten dressed first. Naked as he was, there was no way to possibly conceal the obvious swelling of his cock once it had started. Still, hardening cock or not, it did not mean Porter was surrendering anything. He, after all, already knew Lane was one sexy bastard. What else but a strikingly handsome stud could have so successfully seduced both a father and that father's son?

And this bastard had seduced Porter's son! That fact could make Porter struggle even harder now despite his swelling cock. Lane had introduced Porter's son to a way of life Porter had always hoped to keep from him. Porter, after all, loved his son. He hadn't wanted Mat to go through any of the hell his father had had to go through. Porter had always thought he could protect him. Now Porter had failed. He'd failed because Lane had come back into his life and mined everything. Jesus, why?

The room smelled with the sweat of the men's struggles. It was the musky, hot smell of a locker room. But there was something more to

the heavy aroma hanging in this air, something that bespoke those particular odors that lingered in a room where two bodies had pounded sweatily against each other in sex.

Suddenly, Porter had his hammerlock. Suddenly, Lane was rolled to his belly. Suddenly, Porter's body was laid out on top of Lane's back. Suddenly, Porter had the bastard right where he wanted him. Or did he?

"Fuck me, stud," Lane said. He'd quit struggling altogether. His right cheek was against the floor. His right arm was pressed high into his back. He rolled his butt beneath the press of Lane's weight. Porter's hard cock nestled into the crease of Lane's muscled ass.

"No!" Porter said. "Na!"

Lane squeezed his ass cheeks hard against the length of cock laid out along their joining. He wiggled his butt again. He lifted his butt and rubbed it tight into Porter's lower belly.

"Fuck me," Lane said.

Lane's left hand slipped in between his ass and Porter's belly. His fingers closed in on Porter's fat cock. Lane squeezed the hard meat.

"No," Porter said, but he did nothing to keep Lane's fingers from positioning the head of the cock to Lane's ass hale. Porter actually found himself raising his hips to make the placement easier.

"Fuck me!" Lane said. "Drive it in deep."

"No," Porter said. His hips were already pushing the cock into the hole. The sweat-slicked glands easily penetrated the relaxed anus

Lane offered it.

Even as he was shoving his cock home, Porter knew it was the last thing he should have been doing. So why couldn't he stop? Why had he never been able to stop? Why had, he always been excited by Lane, by male-male sex with him? It was sick, wasn't it? It was perverted, wasn't it? And now Mat was beginning down the same road of heartache and guilt, which Porter had traveled before him.

"Yes," Lane grunted. "Stick it deep. Stick it real deep." Peter stuck it deep, all right. He jabbed in so deep his balls slapped against Lane's hard buns.

Porter pushed Lane's hand deeper up the man's back, hoping the more severe hammerlock would cause pain.

"Yeeeesssss," Lane said in reply, his voice almost a sensuous puffing in his throat.

Porter tried one final time to avoid Lane's trap. Porter moved to actually pull his cock free of the snug fit. He only managed to get his cock out to its halfway point before realizing it was quite impossible to pull it completely free. If he'd really wanted to win this battle, he shouldn't have stuck his cock in this hole to begin with.

The tightness of Lane's ass was unbelievable. How could any man's ass be so tight after having been obviously fucked so many times?

Porter slammed his cock back into the butt. The heat flowed upward around his swollen cock.

"Damn you!" Porter said. Helplessly, Porter found his hips beginning a steady push and pull rhythm. Porter's cock drug out the mouth of the ass hole, paused, plowed right back in. Porter's black-haired

balls slapped once again into Lane's bun cheeks. Porter's cock, which had grown hard outside Lane's body, now grew even harder inside of it. His thrustings quickly took on a faster momentum. It was surprising how quickly Porter found his pleasure soaring. It was almost as if the wrestling had been part of the fuck itself instead of just a preliminary to it. Porter was breathing hard. Of course, some of the heavy breathing was the result of the fight. Porter hadn't had a workout like that in a long time. But, more and more, the erratic heaving for air were the result of the pleasure building up inside of Porter's body.

Lane growled, his body bucking beneath Porter. Lane's thrashing only increased Porter's pleasure. The jerkings caused the cock to stir up the butt.

Porter jabbed his cock deeper up Lane's ass. He ground his lower belly against Lane's ass cheeks. He revolved his hips, pulling his cock up from the ass hole depths.

The cock slipped out to its head. It rammed home again. The cock glands jabbed into Lane's prostate, glanced off, drove deeper up the rear. The cock corona drew inch after inch of hard cock neck into the pit with it. The blond pubic hair at the base of Porter's cock mingled with the black hair running the crease of Lane's butt.

Fuck, but it was good being buried up Lane's ass! Had Mat's cock been buried between these buns? If it had, it was no wonder Mat had come back for more.

The thought of his son's cock buried up this butt made an uncomfortable twinge shoot though Porter's body. And what did that uncomfortable feeling signify? Porter was afraid to even imagine, because he suddenly came to wonder if his outburst of rage had really been because his son had been seduced, or because his son was possess-

ing Lane's body even as Porter was now possessing it. Jealousy? Betrayal? Was that what Porter had felt when Mat had walked into the bedroom? Was that what he could feel even now? Jealousy and betrayal weren't quite as admirable motives for his violent outburst as parental concern for his offspring would have been. Did even the suspicion that his motives for attacking Lane had been based on jealousy and betrayal make Porter feel guilty? Yes, but then Porter was used to feeling guilty, wasn't he? He'd felt guilty most of his life. And was Mat, Porter's son, going to feel that same gut-twisting guilt for his whole life, too? Was Lane right when he'd stated that Porter could keep Mat from feeling the guilt?

Porter screwed onward. He was enjoying the push and pull of his cock up Lane's ass hole. He'd reached the point now where he could admit the pleasure. He released the pressure, which had kept Lane's arm twisted up deep in Lane's back.

There was a sensuous aching now in the pit of Porter's belly. There was tightness in his chest and throat. There was a dull throbbing inside each of his testicles.

Porter wiled his hips as he fucked. He stirred his cock as he placed it up the butt and as he pulled it free. He smashed Lane's buns beneath his battering weight.

"Queer!" Porter ranted. It wasn't just Lane he was referring to. It was Porter Conklin, father. It was Mat Conklin, son.

And, as the pleasure swelled to its peaking inside of him, Porter wondered if being a queer was really all that bad. How could anything this good be bad?

Porter's balls broke loose. Porter's total weight went completely on to Lane's body. Porter's hard nipples bit into the muscle of Lane's

back. Porter's belly ground into the hard mounds of Lane's butt. Porter buried his face into Lane's neck, drooling spit as he bit.

How long the pleasure lasted! If only it could have gone on forever. But it never went on long enough. Suddenly it was just gone and Porter felt the familiar emptiness in his guts.

Porter had left his teeth marks on Lane's neck. He kissed the indentations. He burrowed his face into the sweaty skin of Lane's shoulder. He sighed, letting his cock pull free.

Lane, feeling the cock gone from his body, rolled beneath Porter's pressing weight. His belly and chest slipped into position beneath Porter's belly and chest.

Porter smoothed a lock of black hair away from Lane's face.

"I have rather screwed up my life, haven't I?" Porter asked.

Lane didn't answer. He'd already told Porter what he thought.

Porter kissed Lane's cheek, his nose, finally his mouth.

Porter broke the kiss. He pulled himself free of Lane's body and got to his feet.

"Porter?" Lane said. "I suppose I should let my son screw his own life if that's what he wants to do, shouldn't I? His old man sure as hell didn't do too well with his own, did he?"

"Being gay doesn't have to fuck him up, Porter," Lane said.

“It sure as hell fucked up his father, though, didn’t it?” Porter answered. Porter went for his clothes on the chair by the bed. He felt tired, very tired. He was obviously getting old.

THE END